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If you had all the **KNOWLEDGE, HONOUR, WEALTH,** or the
HIGHEST SOCIAL POSITION OF THIS WORLD at your command,
 you must be measured by the **HEART,** which **SHOULD BE HUMBLE,**
HONEST, and **KIND,** for this

IS NOBILITY OF MAN!

'The First Test of a truly Great Man is his Humility.'—RUSKIN.



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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1894.

An Arranged Marriage.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD,

AUTHOR OF 'LADY BABY,' 'A QUEEN OF CURDS AND CREAM,' &C.
AND JOINT-AUTHOR OF 'REATA' &C.

CHAPTER I.

EN FAMILLE.

ON the 7th day of November of the year 188— some two dozen people, the majority of whom called each other by their Christian names, were assembled round the dinner-table of Morton Abbey. The ladies had their hair and the gentlemen their cravats ordered not more than six months behind the latest London fashion, and both ladies and gentlemen had that common air of peacefulness peculiar to people who have always had enough to eat, and have not ruined either their nerves or their tempers over politics. The look was marked enough to create a sort of family likeness, and in point of fact they were a family party, though only in the wider sense of the word. The old men had been rivals in their youth for the affections of these same old ladies who now looked out upon the world so peaceably from beneath their silver-grey curls; the young men and the young women had all known each other in brown holland pinafores, and were now beginning to tread the round already trodden by their parents by finding each other very pleasant to look upon in silk

dinner-gowns and dress-coats. It had been so in Blankshire from time immemorial. Up to this point county society had maintained itself triumphantly intact from the admixture of baser elements. Though there was no Croesus among them all, yet neither had any elder son ever been reduced to the necessity of 'marrying money,' and thus tearing a breach in the Chinese wall of exclusiveness with which Blankshire society loved to think itself surrounded. Marrying money is a somewhat modern accomplishment, and in this corner of rural England even the educated classes had not quite marched with the age. They had married and intermarried for so long that it was the rule and not the exception that no man could take an hour's walk without meeting somebody who was, at the very least, his third or fourth cousin. And thus it came about that everybody knew everything about everybody. It is a favourite joke of Lord Collingswood, who sits at the head of the dinner-table to-day—an old gentleman with soft, white hair, and a pink face so delicately cut that it might have been a cameo packed in jeweller's cotton—to boast that he has sung 'Rock-a-bye Baby' to every one of his guests under forty years of age. Mr. Haldane, the puffy man with the white eyelashes, who always has something to say which is of no consequence whatever, distinctly remembers the day on which Jenny Linwood, the pretty blonde beside him, solemnly buried her last doll; while Sir George Claverstone, the tall, highbred man on Miss Linwood's left, whose mind is absorbed in cultivating a calmness of demeanour almost disconcerting to strangers, finds himself a good deal hampered in his rôle by these common memories, for it is not easy to play the born philosopher in the very face of people who have seen you howling over a dead guinea-pig, or running for your life from the gardener with your pockets full of apricots.

The old lady next to Sir George is Lady Malvern, and her principal delight in life is to pick holes in her friends' pedigrees, for which occupation, however, Blankshire offers her a very limited field. She nurses a perpetual hatred against one of her ancestors who, as she asserts, ruined the looks of the family by marrying somebody with a snub nose. Indeed, it rarely happens that Lady Malvern manages to talk to a stranger for five minutes together without airing her fury about the family nose.

'A snub nose!' she loves to grind out from between her gold-stuffed teeth, 'of all common things it is the commonest. Look at me! If it had not been for my thrice unfortunate nose I would have been a beauty in my youth. For two centuries at

least our features have been strictly classical, and now a snub nose on the top of it! I ask you: Is it not cruel?’

The ‘horsey’-looking man who comes next—horsey-looking in spite of his indifferently made dress-coat—is the Honourable Mr. Paton, celebrated for knowing how to take fences and not knowing how to dress himself. It is told of him that at a garden-party in the neighbouring county, while helping people into their carriages, a lady, misled by his leggings, his jockey cap, and his undeniable bow legs, had given him a shilling. He tells the story with great gusto and keeps the shilling under glass.

Then follow in proper succession several young ladies and young gentlemen with different shades of flaxen hair, and about whom there is absolutely nothing to be said except that they look healthy and happy. Next comes a lady of uncertain years, whose face is adorned with an eternal nervous grin, whether the subject of conversation be births, deaths, or marriages. Major Morris, a thin, brown man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, and hampered with an *idée fixe* that he is sarcastic, has taken this lady in to dinner.

Straight opposite to the Major there sits an elderly gentleman whom his friends revere as the very last surviving Whig of unmixed opinions, the sort of man who reads the *Edinburgh Review* conscientiously, and talks of ‘the deep baying of the bloodhound of democracy.’

‘Baxter doesn’t know it,’ the Major is fond of saying, ‘but he’ll be in a museum some day.’

On the left of the sarcastic Major sits Miss Nelton, a graceful brunette, and next to her again there comes an empty place.

Miss Nelton, being in her teens and tender-hearted, could not look at the unclaimed table-napkin quite unmoved.

‘Fred’s soup will be getting cold,’ she remarked to the Major, ‘I wonder what is keeping him so long?’

‘His moustaches,’ answered the Major promptly. ‘He won’t have got the tips quite *Parisian* enough yet.’

Miss Nelton looked at her neighbour reproachfully. ‘That is unkind; you shouldn’t hit a person when he is down, you know.’

‘Of course not; but he isn’t down a bit—not in spirits, at any rate, whatever may be his luck. It was nothing but his uproarious humour that he had to thank for that cropper to-day. I believe that mare would have turned out the best hunter in the county.’

‘It was foolish, of course, and yet it’s like Fred to do things like that. I wonder how he can be in such spirits. Papa says

that the Farringdon affairs are going just as badly as possible. He thinks the establishment will have to be shut up or something. Wouldn't that be terrible?'

The Major said 'Hum,' not being able on the spur of the moment to think of anything more sarcastic to say.

At the other end of the table the empty place was likewise absorbing attention.

'He denies it point blank, but the fall must have given him a shake,' Mr. Haldane was sententiously remarking as he blinked his white eyelashes. 'Big jumps are all very well, but ask Paton if any man in his senses has ever taken Tom White's garden wall!'

While everybody looked towards Mr. Paton as an authority on this subject Lord Collingswood quietly observed:—

'Perhaps he wasn't in his senses.'

The faces turned from Mr. Paton to Lord Collingswood.

'What on earth do you mean?'

'I only mean that I didn't like the way Alleyne rode at that wall. Unless he had been drinking I can't explain it. And I didn't like the way he looked at the mare after she was down.'

'Oh, Lord Collingswood!' came from Miss Nelton. 'I am sure Fred was terribly sorry that her legs were broken.'

'I am sure he was. But I am not sure that he wasn't sorrier that it wasn't his own neck that was broken instead.'

A pause of consternation followed all round the table. Young and old looked towards their white-haired host, who at that moment might have sat for the great-grandfather of the whole party. All the faces had become grave except that of the lady with the perpetual nervous grin, over which apparently her will exercised no control worth mentioning.

It was one of the healthy, happy youths who first broke silence.

'But, by Jove! why should Alleyne want to do anything of the sort? It's two years since I've seen him in such good spirits as he was in to-day. I even said to him before we were off this morning: "You've brought good news from London with you; now haven't you? You look like it." And he actually burst out laughing, and said: "Oh, first-rate; you'll hear all about it presently!"'

'Have you ever heard of such a thing as *Galgenhumor*?'

inquired Lord Collingswood as quietly as before.

Some of the persons present had heard of it and some had not,

but nobody quite knew what to make of the word which, literally translated, produced such a strange result as 'Gallows humour.' While they were disputing over it the door opened, and the conversation necessarily came to a standstill, for Mr. Alleyne had entered.

The possessor of Farringdon was a fair-haired, consumptive-looking man of about thirty, with a slight stoop, and marks of hard living in his face. Distant acquaintances who met him only at long intervals were invariably surprised to find him still above earth. 'Oh, Alleyne,' they were accustomed to say on hearing his name mentioned, 'do you mean to say that *he* is still alive?' Mr. Alleyne had outlived several of the questioners, and, in spite of his narrow shoulders, seemed disposed to outlive a good number more, as this class of individual often does.

In the time of Fred's father Farringdon had been the great house of the county, and Fred himself was the first Alleyne who for generations past had not been Master of the Hounds. It was not entirely his fault, seeing that the ruin of the house had begun before his time, but doubtless this ruin had been greatly accelerated by his own doings. With economy all might yet have been well, but he had started by declaring that economy was not his style, and that he preferred to live for ten years on a princely footing rather than to scrape up shillings for fifty. The county had been a good deal startled by this declaration, although it was well known that Fred was always either doing or saying startling things. Indeed, to be startling seemed to be his one object in life. He delighted in making such assertions as that he didn't admire Shakespeare, or that it had been a mistake to annex India, merely for the sake of being gaped at.

And now the ten years of princely living had come to an end. In justice to Fred Alleyne it must be observed that these ten years were all that he had expected to live, but his lungs had played him a trick by proving tougher than the doctors had supposed them. Nobody quite knew what was going to happen next, though everybody would have liked very much to know, for Fred, having been left an orphan in very early years, had been in a sort of way adopted by his neighbours *en masse*, who had vied with each other in making much of him, partly in memory of the great days of Farringdon, and partly in pity for the darker days now closing around him. It was known that he had lost heavily at Ascot, and though of late he had become extremely reticent, it was evident that since summer some sort of cloud was threatening

to burst. Quite lately he had gone up to London to meet his creditors, and had returned from there only two days ago. The question as to what exactly had taken place in London was occupying everybody's mind. For the space of five minutes Lord Collingswood's words continued to weigh a little upon the mind of the company, but by the end of that time almost everyone present had veered round to the opinion of the flaxen-haired young man who felt certain that Fred must have brought good news from London.

To say that he was in good spirits would have been to say too little—he was absolutely boisterous. He had begun by entering the room with a curious air of jauntiness not observable in his usual demeanour, and with a flush upon his hollow cheek which, as the Major could not refrain from observing to his neighbour, ought not to have been there before dinner. Once seated it took him less than a minute to get the conversation under way again all round the table. He wanted to know what they had been talking about; he was quite sure it was about himself. Was it his vices or his virtues which they had been discussing? Probably the latter; everybody knew that he had none of the former worth mentioning. Then he turned to Ada Nelton and almost frightened her by the intensity with which he whispered: 'I am sure *you* said nothing bad about me.' Before she had time to answer he had already turned to someone else with a joke about some incident in to-day's run. When asked whether the mare had been shot, he answered airily: 'Bless her, yes; may her soul rest in peace,'—a remark which caused several old ladies to turn pale. But there is nothing so infectious as a boisterous mood, and though among the elder people some began to wonder whether the fall had left Fred's head quite uninjured, and though the Major, having first looked at the decanter, exchanged a significant look across the table with the man whom he expected to see in a museum some day, yet the young people, whose blood was warmed by to-day's successful run, rapidly entered into the spirit of joviality, and the dinner passed off amidst a general gaiety that was almost a little noisy. But through it all Fred Alleyne remained the leader. The nearer it drew to dessert time the broader did the jokes become which Fred exchanged with the men and the more reckless the compliments which he paid to the ladies. When he had reached the point of calling upon Lady Malvern to drink to the health of the ancestor to whom the family owed its present shape of nasal

organ, the hostess thought it was time to catch her chief guest's eye, for even in a family party there are limits to be observed. With something of a sigh of relief she heard the dining-room door close behind her.

It was Fred Alleyne who had insisted on ushering the ladies out, though others had been nearer than he was. He came back to his place slowly, with his napkin in his hand. The flaxen-haired youths looked towards him expectantly, ready for a burst of that freer gaiety in which it had now become possible to indulge. But this time they were disappointed. From the moment that he had again sat down Fred's mood seemed to have changed. He had become silent, almost morose. He emptied a few more glasses of wine, but he gave short and ungracious answers to the questions addressed to him. It was not until Lord Collingswood was beginning to show symptoms of rising that Fred underwent another transformation. He raised his head quickly, and in a moment the flush had again mounted to his cheek, and his eyes had begun to shine.

'Not yet,' he said; 'we mustn't go yet. I have still got something to do.'

'You had better be quick about it then,' said a young man who was growing impatient to rejoin a young lady in the drawing-room.

'Yes, I shall be quick, very quick,' laughed Alleyne, with a sudden return to his former joviality of manner, only this time his voice did not sound so steady as before, and no one could help feeling that the laugh was overdone. 'All we need is a bottle of champagne, and I promise to do the thing at once. They are all empty you see, Lord Colly,' and he turned insinuatingly towards his host, whom he had not called 'Lord Colly' since he was ten years old. 'May I ring for another bottle of champagne?'

The men round the table looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment. How and where was all this going to end?

'Stop,' said Lord Collingswood, whose delicate pink face had suddenly hardened. 'What's all this nonsense? You don't need more wine. Why, you're drunk, boy, already.'

Alleyne turned with his hand upon the bell.

'I give you my word that I am not drunk,' he said in a voice that shook with eagerness. 'I am as sober as you are, but I have got somebody's health to drink, and I must have wine to drink it in. May I ring? Say yes, please, dear Lord Colly!'

A movement of interest went through the company. The old man gazed hard at the young one, hesitated for a moment, and then gave a sign of assent.

A few minutes later the champagne glasses were being filled, and all faces were turned towards Fred Alleyne, who stood with his knuckles on the table, leaning a little forward, and staring in turn into the expectant eyes of each of his friends. He had not spoken yet; once he had made a beginning, but his cough had come on, and he had sipped a mouthful of champagne, in doing which he had spilled some on the back of his hand, which had seemed to him so comical that he had been forced to laugh, though no one had joined in the laugh this time. After that his throat required a little time to settle down, and he did not hurry, as though enjoying the suspense which he had created. As he looked into one pair of eyes after another he could almost read what they were waiting for. One expected this, the other that, but not one among them all looked for what was coming. When his gaze had gone the round of the table, he drew up his stooping figure, squared his narrow shoulders, and feverishly grasped his glass.

‘My friends,’ he began in his high-pitched voice, ‘I told you that I had somebody’s health to drink, and I never tell lies. You want to know whose, don’t you? And one of you wanted to know what news I had brought from London. Very well, I am going to answer both questions at once. Don’t be afraid; it won’t be a long speech. All you have got to do is to take hold of your glasses and to drink with me to the health of the new possessor of Farringdon.’

Some of the men—the majority of whom had been indistinctly looking for something in the shape of a bridal toast—had already raised their glasses from mere force of habit, and not yet having quite grasped the sense of the last words, but before a single mouthful had been drunk all the glasses were put down again, and every man looked into his neighbour’s face in order to see there whether he had heard aright. Mr. Haldane’s white eyelashes worked in double quick time, and even Sir George Claverstone, who made a point of never being surprised at anything, could not quite suppress a very slight start.

‘Fred, my boy,’ said Lord Collingswood after a long pause, ‘are you quite sure you know what you are talking about?’

Alleyne had sat down again, and was now, with an unsteady smile, reviewing the company, as though to note the effects of his

coup. This time he had certainly succeeded in being gaped at to his heart's content.

'Yes, I rather fancy that I do know what I am talking about; the matter was explained to me very clearly, anyway.'

'But, Fred——' began Lord Collingswood again, rather shakily this time.

'Farrington sold!' burst out one of the younger men. 'It's simply impossible.'

'Why?' asked Alleyne, turning fiercely upon him.

'Well, because—because nobody who isn't called Alleyne has ever been at Farrington, and because—well, just because one can't fancy anyone else there.'

'You'll have to make your imagination work harder then?' said Alleyne with an ugly sneer. 'I tell you that somebody whose name is as different as possible from Alleyne will be cleaning his boots on the Farrington door-scraper before the month is out.'

'But who is the man?' asked the indiscreet youth, and his indiscretion loosed the tongues of the others.

'But when did it happen?' asked one.

'How could it possibly be?'

'And what are you going to do yourself?'

Alleyne answered only the first of the questions.

'It is a man who has more money than I have,' he said with something very like a sob, though the smile still flickered about his nervous lips. 'I've called upon you to drink his health—you won't? Well, then, I'm losing time; there's nothing else for me to do here, except to wish you better luck than I've had. There are too many of you to shake hands with all round, so you must just believe me without it. Good-bye, Lord Colly, and may you live to be a hundred.'

He was on his feet already, and was wringing Lord Collingswood's beautiful pink hand so savagely that it almost seemed as though it must break off. Then, before anyone had quite realised what his intention was, the dining-room door had closed behind him. During a few moments his weak cough was heard in the hall, and immediately there followed the sound of wheels grinding through the gravel. One or two of the guests remembered now that they had heard this same sound during dinner, and had wondered whose carriage could be coming round between two courses. To everyone who knew Fred Alleyne—and all present knew him rather better than their own pockets—it became evident

that the closing scene had been carefully prepared. Since he had to disappear it was 'like Fred' to wish to disappear with a flash in the pan.

In their first astonishment some of the guests had risen; Lord Collingswood hurried into the hall, but came back again presently, shaking his head, and sank despondently into his chair. Then everybody began to talk at once. So it was true, after all. Until this moment it had still appeared possible that the thing would prove a joke. That chance was gone now; there remained only a naked fact to reckon with. After this evening Fred would have ceased to belong to Blankshire. How was Blankshire going to bear the blow? What was going to become of this petted lost sheep? It was known that he had a distant relative in Australia. Was he going to emigrate? Opinions differed greatly. Mr. Haldane held forth unceasingly even when not listened to, while the Major, on the contrary, had to content himself with looking impenetrable. Sarcasm was not suitable for the occasion, he well knew, and to make commonplace remarks would have undermined his reputation.

At the end of several minutes of surmises somebody ventured the question, 'But how about the new man?'

This turned the mind of the company from regret to curiosity, for a great deal depended for Blankshire on the possessor of Farrington. Not a soul present had a clue to go by.

'It's bad enough its not being one of us,' said Mr. Haldane, squaring his puffy figure, 'but will it be the right sort of man?'

Every guest looked silently into his wineglass. They were all thinking of the same thing.

'It's a man who has got more money than I have,' Fred had said. Now, money can be either inherited or acquired, and the dread of seeing the great house of the county fall into the hands of that terrible product of modern times, the *nouveau riche*, was weighing upon everybody's mind at that moment.

'We don't want any strangers among us,' said Mr. Paton, bringing down his closed hand upon the table. 'The idea of having a fellow at Farrington who doesn't know his right stirrup from his left one!'

The idea was so appalling that they all looked instinctively towards their host, as though for guidance.

Lord Collingswood raised himself from his despondent attitude. He felt that he was expected to do something.

'My friends,' he said—he had almost said 'my children'—

'it's no use breaking our heads over the new man ; we'll see him sooner than we care to, and, whoever he is, he won't be Freddy—that's the chief point. Whether we can make him welcome among us must depend upon himself ; but one point seems to me quite clear—we're not going to drink to his health until we know more about him. I vote, therefore, that poor Freddy's toast be turned inside out. The glasses are full—let us empty them, not to the name of the new possessor of Farringdon, but to the memory of the late one.'

The champagne disappeared amidst approving acclamations. Though it was not expressed in so many plain words, yet the toast had virtually been drunk quite as much to the destruction of the 'new man' as to the prosperity of the old one. It was as though they had tacitly bound themselves to a league against the intruder.

That evening at Morton Abbey the ladies waited long for the appearance of the gentlemen. They, too, had heard the weak cough in the hall, followed by the slamming of the hall-door. Some of them had raised their heads for a moment, but no one thought of connecting this with the long delay in the dining-room.

It was on this particular evening that the meaning of the word *Galgenhumor* dawned upon the minds of several of the company. They would not formerly have believed that a man with a rope round his neck could manage to laugh, but Fred had shown them that this was quite possible, though the sound of that laugh had not been altogether pleasant to listen to—now that they came to think of it.

CHAPTER II.

THE INTRUDER.

THE East was beginning to turn white with a first faint suspicion of daylight, when the last carriage—it was only a cab—rolled from the door of Farringdon Manor. Mr. Brand turned thoughtfully back into the house. The spaces inside, deserted except for the servants, were still ablaze with light. In the dancing-room some scraps of coloured *tulle* were scattered over the floor. Upon a chair in the corner there lay a crushed bouquet ; not far off, on

a table, a forgotten glove. Through the open door of the supper-room Mr. Brand could see the crumpled napkins and the dregs of the champagne in the glasses.

In the long back drawing-room a small, sleepy woman in red satin was obviously waiting for orders. She wore so many diamonds about her that a person with weak eyes could not have looked at her steadily for more than a couple of seconds at a time, and she herself was the most meagre of excuses for such a display of splendour. As her husband entered she roused herself with a start. Mr. Brand sat down opposite to his wife, undid a couple of his waistcoat buttons, and stretched his legs in front of him. The ball had been an experiment—had it been a success? The same question was in both their minds, though neither spoke at once.

It was Mrs. Brand who first broke silence.

‘The Malverns must have been prevented from coming,’ she observed, in a nervous whisper. ‘Perhaps her ladyship’s—I mean Lady Malvern’s—toothache came on again.’

‘Is toothache infectious?’ inquired Mr. Brand, frowning at his boots.

‘No, Tom—I mean Thomas. But they may all have been taken up with her, mightn’t they, and too anxious to go?’

‘And the Haldanes?’

‘That could have been a mistake, surely. Mistakes about messages *do* happen sometimes, don’t they? And really, Thomas, I do think the dance went off just as well as could be,’ she added, in a yet more terrified whisper.

‘Well, it was a downright sight,’ admitted Mr. Brand, deliberately examining the heel of his boot. ‘I don’t believe the neighbourhood has seen anything to come near it within the century. We’ll see if they go on turning up those fine noses of theirs after this. A hundred pounds for the band, and a mile and a half of avenue lighted as clear as day. If this doesn’t do it I don’t know what will,’ he added meditatively. ‘Well, we’ll see.’

Mr. Brand went to bed, still repeating to himself at intervals, ‘This ought to do it; yes, this certainly ought to do it—well, we’ll see,’ and divesting himself the while of his much abhorred though excellently made evening clothes; while Mrs. Brand slipped out of her red satin with a sigh of relief, and laid her diamonds back into their case, hastily and nervously, almost as though she were afraid of burning her finger-tips at their sparks.

Thomas Brand looked exactly what he was—a workman dressed up. His large, unwieldy figure had obviously not yet grown used to the attire adopted by society, his huge hands still showed the hardness, almost the blisters, of manual labour. His movements were clumsy, and his manners were considered by himself to be almost hopeless. He had worked all his life, and now he meant to enjoy himself, only the worst was that he did not know how to set about it. And yet it was for this that he had worked. All his life the country gentleman had been his ideal. He had become a workman only in order to become a 'squire.' Close to the village home where he had been born there had stood the walls of a princely park, and every Sunday he had taken up his post beside the gate in order to watch the squire driving forth to church. This particular squire was old and his equipage far behind the fashion, for nobody nowadays has his carriage seats covered with violet-coloured velvet, nor his horses harnessed with brass-embazoned leather. And yet it was precisely this brass that first sowed the seed of ambition in the village lad's soul. For him it grew to be the embodiment of worldly pomp and social distinction. As the heavy gates closed behind the carriage and he cast a lingering glance into the sacred precincts of the great park, he would say to himself that surely there could be nothing more desirable than being a squire, and having one's horses harnessed with brass-encrusted leather.

Throughout the whole of his successful career he had never lost sight of his ideal. The one spark of imagination which existed in his eminently prosaic nature had helped him more than any of his practical instincts, though no one suspected its presence, and though he himself was almost ashamed of it. Never, except at night after the close of his work, or on some quiet Sunday afternoon, would he draw forth the picture of his future from the hidden recesses of his mind, and amuse himself with it, half guiltily, much as a child might play with a forbidden toy. In such moments even the brass harness would flash obstinately in the foreground of his thoughts, for Thomas Brand was a strong man with two or three weaknesses, and this particular shape of social ambition happened to be one of them.

All this time the practical details of his plan stood firm. Even the exact capital was fixed which he intended to possess before laying down his tools. He was fifty when the moment came at last.

Such was the man who had broken into the sacred circle of Blankshire society. There had been no difficulty in becoming a

'squire,' in so far as acquiring an estate with a park-wall and a gate even more imposing than the one of his childhood's recollections was concerned; but this was not all that was wanted, it seemed. When he began to discover that people were not calling, his astonishment and disappointment knew no bounds. He had shut up his workshop for ever and entered upon his new life with an almost childish glee, never doubting for a moment that his money would do everything for him. Neither as a workman in a big manufactory, nor later on while speculating 'in iron' with his wife's moderate fortune, had he had time to study the nicer shades of social distinction. It was only now that he began to perceive certain outward differences between himself and his neighbours. Perhaps these were the root of the evil. Immediately he ordered a book recommended to him under the title of *Errors in the Use of English*, and from henceforward shut himself up with a copy-book for an hour daily in the library, while Mrs. Brand received strict orders about reminding him to wash his hands before luncheon. With perspiring brow he would doggedly plod through his self-imposed task. Having made up his mind to get into society it struck him as only fair to help society over a few of the roughest obstacles.

'Do you think I don't see them wince when I drop an "h"?' he would say to the entirely passive Mrs. Brand. 'And I don't blame them, either; it is hard upon them, brought up as they have been. One just has to make concessions to this class of people,' he would add, with a curious mixture of scorn and awe.

Despite these concessions the new squire of Farringdon continued to occupy an isolated position. His fellow-squires neither clapped him on the shoulder, nor called him 'old boy,' nor in any other minor way acknowledged the fellowship, and yet it was exactly after these so significant details that he had secretly hankered for years. But the man was far from beaten. His obstinacy was of the dogged kind. All his life he had been accustomed to make his way with squared fists and clenched teeth; baronets were to him a new sort of obstacle, but he had no idea of having his hard-earned playtime made a mess of by any of their ridiculous prejudices. His neighbours must either open their doors or have them run in. Some other means must be thought of, since it was evident that the copy-books alone would not do it. It was then that he hit upon the idea of the ball. Not an ordinary ball, of course, but one which should outdo all the ball-going experience of the neighbourhood. The guests

had necessarily to be imported, though it never became exactly known where from. For two days Farringdon Manor was filled to the very garrets with ladies and gentlemen in fashionable attire, and with excellent appetites, about whom there did not seem to be anything particularly wrong at first sight, but whose names and faces were strange to the entire country-side. Even the village inn was overflowing with them for one night. Former friends of Mr. Brand, Lord Collingswood had charitably decided, while it was declared by others—with the Major at their head—that the entire company had been hired out *en bloc* for the night by the same London house which supplied the ices and the flowers. Mrs. Brand's diamond necklace had been purchased expressly for the occasion of the ball, while as for himself Mr. Brand, being absolutely without confidence in his own taste, had simplified matters by getting down a Westend tailor.

'Make me look as like a gentleman as you can,' had been the sum of his orders.

And now the experiment was over, and there remained but to await the result. This Mr. and Mrs. Brand set about doing each after a fashion of their own. Mr. Brand's fashion consisted in walking from one window to the other, and drumming on the panes in expectation of the visitors whose social prejudices he firmly believed himself to have reduced to a confused heap at last. Mrs. Brand did nothing beyond watching her husband. She was living in a state of passive terror. When he stood and peered through the window-panes she felt terrified of a visitor coming, because of having to receive him; and at the same time she felt terrified of his not coming, because of the effect upon Tom. Each time he turned back from his outlook she cast a glance of scared inquiry at his face and pretended to be immersed in her needle-work.

At first Mr. Brand could not bring himself to believe that the 'swells' had actually dared not to be dazzled by his money. What finally opened his eyes were a few lines in the local paper, which hitherto had taken no notice of the entertainment at Farringdon, and now referred to it only at second-hand, while speaking of a carpet-dance at Morton Abbey as 'one of those refined and tasteful entertainments to which we are far more used than to the noisy display of mere banknotes.'

On the afternoon of the day on which he had read this paragraph Mr. Brand unexpectedly ordered the carriage. During ten days he had not left the house for fear of missing a visitor, and

Mrs. Brand, whose appetite and sleep were beginning to suffer from the continual strain, thankfully accepted the suggestion.

'They shan't think I'm hiding, anyway,' he had said with a savage laugh, for the first time acknowledging his defeat in words.

It was a breezy April day, and Mrs. Brand began by feeling giddy with the rush of the keen air. She had always been a somewhat shaky little body, and luxurious living has got to be cautiously practised before it can be indulged in with impunity. Even this drive had its drawbacks. She could not catch the right angle for leaning back among the cushions, and the horses seemed to her to be going at a dangerous pace. The drive, having no particular object in view beyond that of being a sort of vague challenge to the neighbourhood at large, could not escape having a somewhat aimless look about it. When the gates, both of Brindley Castle and of Morton Abbey, had twice been passed at a slackened trot, James was told to drive down the High Street of Blairnie, for all that Mr. Brand wanted was to be seen by as many people as possible. It was getting on for the hour of afternoon tea, an hour at which business is apt to be slack, and Mr. Filmer, the grocer, with a somewhat premature straw hat covering his iron-grey locks, and his hands folded behind his broad and eminently respectable back, was enjoying some conversation on his doorstep with Mr. Glenn, the barber, and Mr. Hotson, the chemist. As the Farringdon carriage came clattering down the street the barber and the chemist first looked over their shoulders and then inquiringly at Mr. Filmer. But Mr. Filmer, who stood a step higher than the others, with his face towards the street, evidently did not feel called upon to make any change in his attitude, and seeing the straw hat sitting as securely as ever in its place the two felts remained where they were.

Mrs. Brand stole a side-long glance at her husband. During the whole of the drive he had been ominously silent, and neither did he speak now, but his face looked rather grey, and he stared very straight in front of him.

'They may not have known the carriage,' she timidly suggested, to which he only replied by telling James to drive on.

About a mile beyond Blairnie James pulled up the horses rather suddenly.

'Drive on!' said Mr. Brand impatiently.

'Something in the way, sir,' said James.

A dogcart with a wheel off was obstructing the passage, while the groom held a plunging horse, and Sir George Claverstone, his

hands deep down in the pockets of his overcoat, was contemplating the scene with philosophical calmness and a cigarette between his teeth.

'Dear me, an accident!' came from Mrs. Brand's startled lips.

'Only a slight *contretemps*,' said Sir George, unearthing one of his hands in order first to remove the cigarette and then to raise his hat to Mrs. Brand. 'I am sorry to be in the way, but that beast won't stand where he ought to.'

'How are you going to get home?' asked Mr. Brand abruptly.

His first impulse had been to chuckle quite undisguisedly at the sight of his enemy stranded in mid-road, for Sir George was at that moment as much his personal enemy as any of the other obdurate fellow-squires. But then in an instant he had seen his chance.

'How are you going to get home? I don't believe that wheel will hold, even if you patch it on.'

'I am certain it will not,' said Sir George pleasantly, 'because there is something wrong about the axle.'

'Couldn't I give you a lift?' blurted out Mr. Brand, turning scarlet with the excitement of the moment. 'Your place isn't so very much beyond mine, you know, and the horses are quite able for the extra bit of work. I always feed my horses well.'

'Thanks extremely,' said Sir George, still critically watching the restive horse, 'but I could never dream of interrupting your drive.'

'But I was going to turn back at any rate, wasn't I, Polly—Mary, I mean? It's no interruption,' persisted Mr. Brand, growing a little hotter. 'There's plenty of room, Sir George.'

'You are extremely kind,' said the baronet, dragging out his words a trifle more than was his habit, as though endeavouring thereby to gain time for reflection. 'But the fact is I am not making for home now, I am——' he unearthed his right hand once more, meditatively knocked the ashes off his cigarette, and then deliberately concluded: 'I am on my way to the station.'

Judging from the position of the dogcart this sounded, to say the least, improbable.

'Then I'll take you to the station,' decided Mr. Brand with an audible sigh of disappointment. Even this would be better than nothing at all.

Sir George was incapable of looking perplexed, but as his

eyes moved carefully first up and then down the road he was nevertheless calling upon every hawthorn and ash tree within sight for counsel in his necessities. Though he did not see the way out of it yet he was immovably determined, happen what might, not to be borne off in triumph by 'the new man.' His philosophy might possibly have helped him over the social difficulty, but in this matter he considered himself responsible to the entire county.

'You are extraordinarily kind,' he remarked, in exactly the same tone, 'but there is no reason for incommoding yourself. I mean to walk.'

'You can't catch the 5.30 if you walk; it's out of the question.'

'Then I shall'—Sir George looked up and down the road once more—'I shall be overtaken by the Blairnie fly before I'm far,' he continued, as the happy thought for which he had been scanning the horizon opportunely struck him. 'The Golden Crown sends a vehicle to meet every single train, you know. It will be coming along presently.'

The homeward drive was even less cheerful than the start had been. On the reaction of his failure Mr. Brand had plunged back into a yet gloomier silence than before. James had received the order to drive home by another way. It was a bit of a round-about, but Mr. Brand was not in the humour now for the Blairnie High Street. Had he been able to clatter past Mr. Filmer's shop sitting cheek by jowl with Sir George Claverstone, matters would have stood altogether differently. The plan had struck him as a triumph of cunning. Not being of a suspicious nature he did not distinctly doubt Sir George's story, but neither could he quite rid himself of an undefined idea that he was somehow being humbugged.

As a little beyond Farringdon Mr. Brand's carriage turned from the side track on to the high road it was brought face to face with a dogcart which was coming at a brisk trot from the direction of Blairnie. It was beginning to grow dusk by this time, but there remained more than light enough to recognise that Mr. Haldane was driving and that the person beside him was Sir George Claverstone. The politeness with which he raised his hat on meeting Mr. Brand's eyes was as faultless as the gravity of his handsome highbred countenance.

Mrs. Brand half uttered an exclamation and then swallowed it again. This time she did not dare to look at her husband.

She knew, without being told it, what his face would be like. He sat there with his fists upon his knees and the same stupefied glare upon his face with which he had responded to Sir George's bow. He could not help understanding now. He even remembered suddenly and quite distinctly that there had not been so much as a handbag in Sir George's vehicle. The matter was as clear as daylight. Mr. Haldane was 'one of them,' and he, Thomas Brand, was not 'one of them'—that was all. His boorish features were livid with passion. 'That man shall lick my shoes yet,' he said aloud and very deliberately, accompanying his words with an indecorous workman's oath.

That evening while dressing for dinner Mrs. Brand perceived, to her discomfiture, that the looking-glass showed an inclination to rock gently on its hinges like a cradle. Twice she put out her hand to straighten it, and twice grasped the empty air instead, having miscalculated her distance by a good quarter of a yard. At the same time she perceived that the palms of her hands were moist and cold and that the floor of the room was no longer absolutely straight. She wondered how she never before had noticed that the carpet went up-hill towards the wall. She clutched at the edge of the dressing-table to right herself, but again miscalculated her distance, and before her maid guessed what was happening, Mrs. Brand had slipped from her chair and fallen quietly in a very small heap on the floor.

Mr. Brand was as much startled as perplexed when brought to the bedside of his wife. Fainting-fits were known to him only by hearsay as one of those things in which the higher classes indulge. In his working-days it would have angered much more than it startled him to see Polly lying there like a useless bundle, but the working-days were over, and he supposed she had as good a right to swoon away as any other lady in the land. Though he did not know it, the sight of his wife's bleached face lying rigid upon the pillow, and the very smell of the eau de Cologne used to revive her, raised him by several degrees in his own estimation.

'The collapse seems to be the result of a nervous strain,' said Doctor Hopkins, who had been sent for.

'Nervous strain' was another of those expressions which fell with almost a flattering sound upon Thomas Brand's ear, though the impression it conveyed was cloudy.

'Ought she to take anything?' he inquired.

'If anything it ought to be iron, for her blood is undoubtedly poor; but it is not so much a question of taking as of being taken.'

Doctor Hopkins paused for an acknowledgment of what struck him as a rather delicate play of words, but, seeing that he had not been wholly successful, was forced to explain.

'I mean that it is change of air that is wanted here. You should take her somewhere.'

'But where to?' asked Mr. Brand, slightly aghast. 'Surely she can't have better air than here.'

'Perhaps not,' said Doctor Hopkins, who was not entirely unaware of the lie of the land, 'but the surroundings fall into the balance as heavily as the quality of the air. Take her to one of those German baths with iron springs; there's a choice of at least half-a-dozen at which you would find united both the physical and mental requisites wanted here.'

At first sight Mr. Brand unhesitatingly rejected the idea of leaving Farrington. He told himself that at this particular juncture the thing could not help looking like flight.

'They would think I'm beaten,' he said to his wife, who on the second day after the fainting fit had not yet quitted her bed. 'But I'm not beaten, and they shan't think so.'

Mrs. Brand only smiled feebly in response. The chance of getting away for a time from this big house, which she did not know how to manage, and from these aristocratic neighbours, the mere mention of whom was enough to keep Thomas in a state of perpetually simmering rage, seemed to her like the chance of a respite from some great evil. But to express an opinion opposite to Thomas's was entirely out of the question. She feared the man with a terror which generally belongs only to the dread of physical violence, and which in her case was illogical, seeing that he had only struck her once since their marriage-day, and had on that occasion not been perfectly sober. Had she ever attempted to offer him opposition it might have been otherwise, for he was by nature simply incapable of brooking resistance. Indeed, it was by his ruthless energy, far more than by skill or shrewdness, that he had made his fortune as a man of business. He was not a born man of business, and would probably have been a success in other lines as well as this. This cast of man is almost certain to succeed whatever calling he chooses, because it is his vigour that conquers the world rather than any special aptitude for any one vocation. He moves through life with his eyes upon the end he means to reach, treading under foot without discrimination whatever may come between him and his goal, unwayed by the emotions, and undisturbed by the perplexities

from which less robust and more fine-grained natures have to suffer.

Mrs. Brand guessed all this, and, being small by nature, she instinctively made herself smaller yet, for fear of at any time being in the way.

At the end of a week Doctor Hopkins returned to the charge about the German baths. It was the very thing wanted to set Mrs. Brand up again. He was a great believer in natural springs, and Lady Nelton had come back quite a different creature from the one he had sent her to last year.

'Do those people go to baths too?' Mr. Brand inquired with a clumsy sneer.

'Indeed they do. Some of the best English families are to be found every year at Wurmbad and Ottobad, besides the cream of foreign society. There's more of the world to be seen in six weeks at either of those baths than in six years of country life at home.'

That evening, after Dr. Hopkins was gone, Mrs. Brand cleared her throat, and began in the nervous whisper which ever since her rise in the social scale she had assiduously cultivated as the most effectual disguise to a somewhat painfully piping tone of voice:

'I was wondering, Thomas, whether it mightn't be interesting for you to see something of those places abroad. You've never taken the time to look about you, as it were, and everything would be new and strange.'

She was trembling at her own audacity, but Thomas answered quite mildly after a moment's pause:

'So it would be; and, now that I come to think of it, I've always heard that travelling is the best means of polishing oneself up.'

It took a few more arguments of Doctor Hopkins, who either consciously or unconsciously had constituted himself his patient's ally, but from the moment that German baths had been placed before Mr. Brand in the light of a finishing education, their chances were almost secure. Such an opportunity of improving one's manners, well out of sight of critical neighbours, was not an idea to be lightly dismissed. Had it not been for that dread of appearing to fly, his consent would now have been given. This alone kept him for almost another week in a state of uncertainty quite new to himself. Then followed a second and most opportune fainting fit, which proved to be exactly the feather that was still required to decide the hovering balance.

It was in a state of armed defiance and mentally shaking his fist at the neighbourhood that Thomas Brand started on his first foreign tour.

'I'm going, but they shan't think I'm beaten,' he said to his wife, even while they were on their way to the station. 'The ball didn't do it; well, then, something else will. I'll do it yet. I don't know how, but there must be a way. I'll certainly do it yet.'

CHAPTER III.

LA PRINCIPESSA.

DURING the first week spent at Wurmbad, Mr. Brand came nearer to enjoying himself than he had done since the days when he played at marbles in the village street, for as yet there was no denying that his playtime had been intolerably dull. Such things as *tables d'hôte* and promenade concerts and *Cursalons* were all new to him and all instructive. From an educational point of view these were infinitely superior to the copy-books.

There was one feature about the whole thing which astonished him greatly. This was the vast number of titles flying about. The bedroom alongside of his own was occupied by a baronial family; Mrs. Brand's daily predecessor in the bathroom No. 43 was a pale Polish Countess; and he himself had his place at the *table d'hôte* next to a portly Austrian Count, who was perfectly open to conversation. Almost each time that a bottle of wine or fresh rolls were called for the waiters answered with: '*Ja, Herr Graf!*' or '*Sogleich, Herr Baron!*'

It was at the end of that first week that Mr. Brand, while carefully doing up his whiskers before the glass, in expectation of the dinner-bell, exclaimed after a long silence:

'Upon my soul! There are twenty dozen of them at least.'

'Twenty dozen of what?' inquired Mrs. Brand, a little startled. The exclamation sounded like the conclusion to some previous reflection.

'Of husbands for Annie.'

As he turned from the looking-glass, Mrs. Brand knew by his face that his mind was at work upon some new idea. Their eyes met for a few instants, long enough to let her frightened mother's heart guess what that idea was.

'Annie is a child,' she ventured.

'But she won't be so for long. How old will she be when we get her home next year?'

'Eighteen.'

'And children of eighteen are marriageable. Polly, we'll come abroad next summer and bring Annie with us.'

It was the sight of so many Barons' and Counts' coronets strewn broadcast around him, and apparently waiting only to be picked up, which had given birth to the idea. Having considered the question for twenty-four hours, he felt almost certain that he had discovered the remedy for the ills of his social position, that 'something else' which was to do what both the purchase of Farrington and the ball had failed to do. All at once it became clear to him what a grand opportunity there lay in his daughter's marriage. That he had not calculated upon the event long ago showed only that he lacked some qualities of a man of business.

He began to wonder whether Annie had turned out pretty. It never occurred to him to wonder whether she would turn out submissive. This he instinctively took for granted, as all men invariably do who have themselves never submitted to anything or anybody. In point of fact his daughter was almost a stranger to him. For eight years past she had never been home for more than a short holiday, and was at present having her education completed at the most expensive finishing-school in England. Not that Thomas Brand did not care for his daughter, but so long as he was at work he would not have known what to do with her at home. From the very day of her birth she had in his eyes belonged exclusively to the holiday portion of his life—for in his mind his life had always been sharply divided into the workaday and the holiday half. In the former he had no place for her, and it was in order to make her more suitable for the latter that he had kept her at a distance and lavished money upon boarding-schools. He meant her to turn out a lady, and he knew perfectly well that she would not learn the accomplishment either from her mother or from himself. Of all the sacrifices which Mrs. Brand had made to her husband this was the only one which cut her to the quick. And yet in the thought that Annie was being taught the best manners and the best accent in England there was a soothing balsam to the mother's pride.

During the second week of his stay at Wurmbad Mr. Brand began to realise that his project might not be quite as smooth of execution as it had looked at first sight. He had heard *mésalliances* talked of, and had looked up the word in the dictionary; he

had also been introduced to such expressions as 'pedigrees' and 'quarterings,' things whose existence he had been vaguely aware of before, but which evidently played a much greater part in continental everyday life than in British.

In the beginning of the third week Mr. Brand abruptly left the place. Mrs. Brand's course of baths was not completed, but the springs at Ottobad were only a little weaker than here, and from the moment that both the portly Austrian Count and the pale Polish Countess had begun to borrow money from him his pleasure in the place became somewhat damped.

When they had been at Ottobad for a fortnight Mrs. Brand was told to pack for Hildabad, and from that time onward their summer became a series of peregrinations from one fashionable watering-place to another, Mr. Brand having decided that there could not be much difference between iron springs, and that since this excursion was meant as a course of instruction, he was losing his time by sitting still on any one spot. A positive thirst for education had come over him, causing him to pay an ever-growing attention both to his manners and to the cut of his whiskers. But through it all his new-born plan occupied his thoughts continually; it was to it before everything else that he looked for salvation now, quite undeterred by the difficulties which showed themselves on a nearer view. It was impossible to be continually staring about one open-eyed, as Thomas Brand was doing, without discovering a great many things; amongst others that foreign titles are divided into two classes, the old and the new, and that neither are to be had for the asking, the old being still far too deeply immersed in mediæval prejudice to regard even heavy money-bags as an equivalent to defective quarterings, while all the holders of the new titles are rich already, and would much rather have some moral support to their brand-new coronets than anything additional in their purse.

Nevertheless Mr. Brand remained of opinion that it could only be a question of hitting on the right man—some individual in exceptional circumstances, or who was himself an exception to his class. It became his constant occupation to look about him for that 'right man,' for though there was no hurry, it would have eased his mind to have put his finger now on his prospective son-in-law, and then to have 'placed him cold,' as the Germans say, against Annie's coming home. But now the middle of July and the sixth watering-place was reached, and the looked-for individual still remained undiscoverable.

This sixth watering-place was situated in a valley of Southern Tyrol, and had nothing German about its character, for the neighbouring Italy, overflowing its borders, penetrates here with its language, its complexion, and its vegetation, claiming comradeship with the piece of earth which has once been a part of itself. Here the women have black hair and dazzling teeth, and water is carried in copper pails balanced on the shoulders, and the sweet-bearing chestnut tree is as common as with us the beech or the willow.

Mr. Brand had come to Lancegno as he had come to the other baths, meaning to make a stay of a fortnight at most, but this time something quite different was written in the Book of Fate. On the very day of his arrival Mr. Brand had a slight adventure, destined to influence the events that were to come.

Towards four o'clock Mrs. Brand, exhausted by the night journey, lay down to rest, while her husband, who never lost any time in examining the educational possibilities of every new place he came to, started for a walk.

The adjoining village, perched precariously upon the hillside, had first to be passed through. Here, in the narrow, crooked street, the projecting roofs were not far from touching each other. Some daubs of faded colour on the walls were all that remained of old religious frescoes. The blood-red and straw-coloured carnations, whose heavy-headed blossoms straggled down from every third or fourth window, seemed to be flaunting their exuberant colours in the faces of those poor ghosts of Madonnas and Saints. At one place a couple of big houses stood back, forming an irregular square—a sort of momentary breathing space.

Half an hour ago the whole village had been sound asleep, but just now a light puff of fresh air, the forerunner of the evening breeze, came floating down the street. It seemed to be the signal waited for. From out of every doorway and from behind every corner yawning children crawled, while dark-skinned men appeared, walking as though they were drunk. In the arched passages which ran along the front of some of the larger houses, women who had been lying full length upon the brick floor stood up unexpectedly, and looked out from between the short, stumpy pillars while rubbing the last remains of the *siesta* from out of their brilliant black or languorous brown eyes.

Mr. Brand walked slowly, looking carefully from side to side. Every pot of carnations and every drowsy street urchin was conscientiously stared at in turn. Before every trace of colour on a

wall he stood still and laboriously applied himself to deciphering its original meaning. All this must help in a general way to cultivate a man's mind, and Mr. Brand was determined to get the last farthing's worth of education out of his surroundings.

When he reached the irregular square he caught sight of the Austrian double-headed eagle over the door of a *Trafik*, and it occurred to him that he had no cigars in his pocket. The tobacco-shop lay within a dark, arched passage. A small, misshapen man, who looked as if he had not seen the sunshine for years, roused himself from his *siesta* to sell half-a-dozen cigars to Mr. Brand. The walls were so thick and the windows so small that the different objects in the shop could only be distinguished with difficulty; but as Mr. Brand's eyes got accustomed to the light, he could see enough to perceive that such things as sugar and letter-paper, garters and lemonade were to be purchased here, as well as tobacco. The misshapen individual was evidently a 'mixed merchant' of the most mixed description. At the last moment the Englishman's eye was caught by a box of chocolate upon the counter. Mrs. Brand was particularly fond of chocolate, and Mr. Brand happened to be in a good humour, but in the same instant that he put out his hand the shopman started from out of the dark corner into which he had already retired and swooped down upon the chocolate.

'*Per la Principessa*,' he squeaked, hooking his long fingers round the box as a bird might fasten its talons around its living prey. As he busily put the packet in safety on a shelf he continued to gabble to himself, but the only word that stuck in Mr. Brand's memory was *Principessa*.

'No reason for such excitement,' he reflected, as he pursued his way in some slight amazement. This southern vivacity was so new to him as to be almost disconcerting. Also he could not help wondering what sort of a thing a *Principessa* was.

A little way beyond the *Trafik* a second double-headed eagle confronted him, and he recognised the post-office. He stepped in, meaning to ask whether there were any letters. While the curly-headed young lady in charge searched a drawer, Mr. Brand looked about him as carefully as usual. Having made the round of the office, his eyes ended by alighting on some letters on the table beside him. The topmost one, in a square envelope, was addressed to 'La Principessa Roccattelli.'

There was one letter for Mr. Brand, a big letter with an English postmark, and over double weight. As he put out his hand for it his sleeve brushed the pile beside him, and swept part

of it on to the floor. In an instant the curly-headed young lady sprang forward with the agility of a wild cat and furiously snatched the letters from off the boards, talking Italian the while at a rate which boded no good to the clumsy Englishman.

'La Principessa,' she kept reiterating despairingly, while blowing tenderly upon the square letter and carefully dusting it with her handkerchief.

'Decidedly these people have got their veins stuffed with gunpowder,' was Mr. Brand's reflection on the occurrence. At the same time he made a note to look up the word 'Principessa' in the dictionary as soon as he got home.

Having glanced at the letter with the English postmark and recognised Annie's handwriting, he put it in his pocket to be perused at leisure.

The open country was now reached. At Mr. Brand's feet the green valley lay luxurious with chestnut and vine, while on either side the mountain flanks stood almost bare, bristling with sharp rocks and torn by huge watercourses. He looked from the overflowing valley to the naked hills and felt well content, he knew not why. The sharp contrast excited him pleasantly.

When he had walked on for another mile or so and had seen a chestnut tree near, and had been wished '*Buona sera*' by a woman laden with copper pails, Mr. Brand began to think that this was almost as good as an Italian trip. The sun had slipped behind the hills, but this only made it all the pleasanter for walking. Just as the early twilight was beginning to fall his path led him on to a hugely broad river-track, coming down from the opposite hills at a steep incline. Nothing but two narrow green streams now wound their way between the boulders, but by its ragged shores, as well as by the sight of the scattered rocks, it was easy to guess that in the season of the melting snow the river was wont to turn into an uncontrollable torrent, preying like a wild beast upon the peaceable patches of maize and clover which bordered it. The air was sultry, and it was terrible walking upon the ghost of a path which twisted about among the many-coloured stones. Still Mr. Brand persisted, being determined to reach the opposite side of the valley. Solitary willows and mulberry trees stood about among the boulders, living apparently upon stones alone. Some three or four goats and a few thin sheep were feeding on the scattered wisps of grass. Now and then the lad herding them would tear down the branch of a mulberry tree, and produce a low clucking sound with his tongue. The beasts came

hobbling over the stones, jostling each other in their eagerness. A little further up there stood a solitary house piled up of the river stones around, and looking very much as though the water had stranded it there, together with the loose boulders and drifted trunks that lay up to its very walls. Probably the habitation of some sort of river overseer, Mr. Brand decided. At his approach a yellow cat started up from behind a yellow stone and shot towards the house. Rabbits scampered into the shelter of the open door. The sound of a baby's howls were heard within. Presently a woman appeared between the willow bushes, balancing her water-pails on her shoulders.

Mr. Brand pursued his way. By this time the main valley was already crossed, and he was following the watercourse up the side valley from whence it descended. Here it was darker and closer than in the open. Soon the objects around began to lose first their colour and then their form, but Mr. Brand still pushed on. He did not think it was possible to miss the way home, since he had only got to follow the river-bed. He had left it now, and the walking was much pleasanter. The moon, too, was due by this time, but just as Mr. Brand was saying this to himself, a laurel by the roadside was vividly illuminated, and something growled behind the mountains. Without that flash it might have passed for the rolling of loose stones.

Mr. Brand stood still at last. He had been too busy looking about him to observe the sky, but there could be no doubt now that it was time to go home. It had grown so suddenly dark that he could not see a yard in front of him, yet there was nothing for it but to face right about, and begin to the best of his ability to retrace his steps. After a time he felt stones under his feet, this must be the river-bed; but no, this could not be right, for he was walking uphill. He faced round once more, and found himself descending at a fearful angle what was evidently the bed of a torrent. Could this be the road he had come by this afternoon? He changed his direction again, and just then the first drop fell, followed by a soft patter among the leaves, and almost in the same instant by the sharp hiss of the thunder-shower upon the stones.

By this time Mr. Brand had lost all sense of direction. When he set off walking again it was almost at random. The violence of the shower was over now, and it had settled down to steady rain. The thunder was rolling away in the distance, but an occasional flash still lighted up the sky. Mr. Brand trudged doggedly

along, using his soaked sun umbrella as a walking-stick. According to his calculations, he fancied that the house of the river overseer could not be very far off now, and there he would be able to take shelter.

Then suddenly, and to his astonishment, something big and white loomed through the universal blackness around. He waited for the next flash. Yes, it was a long whitish building, standing with its back to a hill, something much bigger than the river overseer's house. The Curhaus, too, was a long whitish building; had he recrossed the main valley without being aware of it? In this pitch darkness anything was possible.

Soon he had reached what seemed to be a stone wall, and having felt his way along it he came to a closed gate. It was locked as well as closed, as his first attempt assured him. He could not remember either the wall or the gate, but this scarcely surprised him, seeing that the surroundings of the Curhaus were as yet completely unfamiliar to him. What did surprise him somewhat was that a public establishment should be closed so early, for it could not possibly be more than ten o'clock. He began angrily to grope about for a bell, and having got hold of a piece of rusty wire tugged at it repeatedly. There was no result but a sound of something scraping against the stone. Mr. Brand began to beat against the heavy wooden gate, first with one fist and then with both, pausing every now and then to listen for approaching footsteps. The rainwater from off his hat-brim was pouring in miniature torrents on to his whiskers and his nose; moreover, he was beginning to feel furious with hunger. Presently he began to curse.

'One would suppose it wasn't asking over much that one of the d——d fools should be out of bed at this hour. Didn't know that keeping early hours was part of the cure. It isn't an infant's school, when all is said and done. I'll leave this confounded place to-morrow, but I swear that I'll sleep there to-night, whether or not it costs kicking their filthy gate to pieces.'

And he set to work with renewed vigour. Several more minutes passed, and then, just as he paused again to listen, a key turned heavily in the lock, and something which he supposed was a face was pushed through the narrowest possible opening. A scared voice asked something in Italian, to which Mr. Brand responded by an English oath, and by placing his knee firmly against the wing of the gate which had moved. A single vigorous push was enough to conquer the feeble resistance inside, and in

the next instant Mr. Brand, having swept to one side an individual whom he could not clearly distinguish, was hurrying across an open space and towards a big building. At the head of a flight of steps a door stood ajar, and a light flickered within. Mr. Brand made straight towards it, while behind him a shriek of alarm rent the air.

The steps were slippery with the rain, and it was almost head-long that Mr. Brand entered a large stone-paved space in which one single candle burned unsteadily in the draught. From out of the black shadows in the background he seemed to hear the sound of rapidly whispered s's, but he could not distinguish the alarmed faces that were peering at him. Another door lay to the left. Mr. Brand opened it, remembering that the dining-room lay to the left of the entrance-hall, and it was to the dining-room that his instincts drew him forcibly just then. There was no light within beyond what the flickering candle sent after him through the open door. Neither was there here that long narrow table at which he had dined to-day. There was, indeed, a table, but covered with irregular heaps of books, and the wall beside him seemed to be lined with shelves on which likewise stood books. For the first time to-day Mr. Brand began to have doubts. At the further end of the huge apartment he could distinguish a curtained doorway with a thin line of light at the foot. He went towards it, while his grotesquely long shadow slipped over the flagstones before him.

When he lifted the heavy curtain he found himself standing in a second huge apartment of which three-quarters were almost bare of furniture. At the further end there shone a light. He went nearer and saw a fireplace of white marble, and of the size in which entire logs used to be burnt. In the centre of the mantelpiece stood a fantastic clock, on each side a curious urn, likewise of white marble. Mr. Brand noticed at once that the clock was not going, and that one of the urns had lost a handle. On a small table of inlaid wood there stood a shaded lamp, beside it lay a fan, a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses, and a box of chocolate pastilles, while in a red brocaded armchair there sat the most beautiful old lady whom Mr. Brand had ever seen. She had been staring into the empty fireplace, but turned her head at his approach. Her features were clearly and somewhat severely cut, the eyebrows well marked, the lips a trifle compressed. The skin appeared by this light to be of a flawless white. Her hair, which was arranged in curls on both sides of her face in the way that

Mr. Brand could remember that the mother of the 'squire' in his native village had worn hers, was so perfectly white that, but for the eyes, it would have been hard to guess whether this woman had once been a *blonde* or a *brunette*. But the eyes were enough—keen, black eyes of that brilliant black which goes only with a southern complexion. Her gown fell in soft, grey folds to the ground. A black lace shawl was daintily draped over her head and shoulders, after the manner of a Spanish *mantilla*. Her hands, which were like two pieces of alabaster, lay idle in her lap.

Mr. Brand stood and gazed in amazement, dumbfounded by what struck him as the majesty of the apparition, and the white-haired woman gazed back at him in no smaller amazement and apparently also in displeasure.

'If you please,' said Mr. Brand in English, after that momentary pause, 'is this the Curhaus or is it not? And if not, then where the d——I am I?'

Having said it he remembered that of course she would not understand, but the unknown old lady, stirring her beautiful long-fingered hands for the first time, calmly took her eye-glasses from the table beside her, deliberately surveyed the dripping stranger from head to foot, and then, while a slight fold appeared between her eyebrows, replied frigidly and politely in very fair English:

'This is not the Curhaus. This is the *Monastero*, and I am the *Principessa*. Who may you be, and what do you seek here?'

CHAPTER IV.

THE MONASTERO.

INSTEAD of having crossed the main valley, as he had believed himself to be doing, Mr. Brand had got entangled in the network of lesser valleys by which in these regions the hills are divided. It was now half-past ten at night, and much more than the whole breadth of the main valley lay between him and the Curhaus.

'How long will it take me to get back?' asked Mr. Brand desperately.

Before replying, the *Principessa* looked towards the curtained doorway, from behind which excited whispering was audible, while a scared yellow face was peering from between the curtains. A few words spoken by the *Principessa* caused the whispering to die away.

She turned again towards Mr. Brand.

'There is no necessity for you to go back to-night. No wanderer has ever yet been turned from my door, neither shall you be the first. The rain is falling fast, the road is long and dark. My roof is poor, but, such as it is, the hospitality of the house of Roccattelli is free to whoever claims it.'

As she pronounced the words: 'My roof is poor,' her head was raised just perceptibly, and the pride in her black eyes was so fierce that Mr. Brand came near to quailing.

'Thanks awfully,' he said, and then, after struggling for about two seconds with his polite instincts, added: 'Does the hospitality of the house of Roccattelli include food? I beg your pardon, but I'm just wild with hunger.'

The *Principessa's* features slightly relaxed.

'I have given the orders. I know that you are hungry. The way you looked at the chocolate *pastilles* was enough.'

Presently the heavy curtains parted once more, and a long and lean individual, with a face like a shrivelled lemon, entered, bearing a small tray. He wore a dark green livery coat, very shiny at the elbows, and bordered with threadbare silver lace. Half a cold chicken, a couple of rolls, and a glass of wine stood upon the tray. Despite his torturing appetite, Mr. Brand hesitated to take up his fork; a feeling that was quite new to him, and that almost resembled awe, made him feel shy of eating in the presence of his hostess. Instinctively he looked towards her; with a sign she seemed to give the permission required. Then the flesh succumbed, and Mr. Brand almost threw himself on to the tray and ate like a famished wolf. The *Principessa* leant back in her chair and watched him in silence, making notes the while. As the first edge of his hunger became blunted, Mr. Brand likewise began making notes. The tray was silver, but it was badly battered. The napkin was of the finest damask, but it had two undarned holes. The blunted forks and worn-looking knives were all engraved with an elaborate coat-of-arms, now scarcely discernible. Mr. Brand's curiosity began to stir. He wished more than ever that he had put his dictionary in his pocket. Failing the dictionary, a little conversation would probably tell him more about his hostess; but in the same instant that he laid down his knife and fork she rose, and he, perforce, had to do the same. What surprised him most at this moment was her height. He had heard before of 'queenly figures,' but never until to-night had he quite understood what people meant by the expression.

'You have gone a long way, you will be anxious to rest. Giacomo will show you the apartment which you can occupy. I wish you quiet slumbers.'

With a majestic inclination of the head the *Principessa* turned and vanished through a further doorway, trailing her grey skirts behind her.

Mr. Brand stood and stared at the door for several seconds, then hearing a soft tread behind him he looked round and found that the yellow-faced Giacomo was already at his elbow.

Up an uncarpeted stone staircase he was led, through several empty rooms, until in the fourth room Giacomo put down the candle and said, '*Buona notte.*' Mr. Brand could hear his footsteps echoing through the high spaces and dying away in the distance. His bedroom seemed to Mr. Brand's sleepy eyes to be about the size of a cathedral. Besides a four-poster bed whose violet curtains seemed to crumble under his vigorous touch, it contained two carved wooden chairs of different designs, a table which did not match either of the chairs, and a Venetian mirror on the wall.

Mr. Brand fell asleep to the sound of the rain still beating against the window-panes, and awoke next morning to find a pattern of sunbeams upon his counterpane, fantastically ordered, just as the slits in the violet curtains had given them passage.

He lost no time in setting forth to explore. In the neighbouring rooms there was nothing to be seen except spider-webs, and now and then a piece of rolled-up carpet in a corner. Soon he stepped out on to a pillared corridor, and saw another pillared corridor straight opposite. The building formed a hollow square, round all four sides of which the open passage ran. The enclosed space was filled with an untidy garden, just now ablaze with carnations which had long since run wild. Mr. Brand made the round of the corridor, now and then cautiously and curiously trying a door-handle. Very few of them were in working order. This and other symptoms pointed to the conclusion that only the front wing of the huge house was inhabited. There was no sound of life anywhere: evidently the household was still asleep. He descended and took a nearer look at the garden. Here it was only just possible to distinguish the walks from the flower beds. The long unkempt grass, beaten down by yesterday's rain, lay flat upon the path. The carnations looked as though they had been newly varnished. In the centre stood a stone pavilion, and not far from it, their nakedness amply draped with climbing vine, two

stone figures, of which the one represented a man with clenched teeth and starting eyeballs, leaning forward in a murderous attitude and clutching something, which upon a nearer view proved to be a cast-iron rose—and a sentimental goddess simpering shyly at the dagger in her hand. Mr. Brand stood for some minutes striving vainly to discover the hidden connection between the rose and the snarl and the dagger and the smile. He could not know that Giacomo while weeding the garden some five years ago had exchanged the two cast-iron emblems, and that no one had thought it worth while to rectify the mistake.

Mr. Brand wandered on. The house, which was built of weather-beaten whitish-grey stone, stood enclosed on all sides by a high, fairly well-preserved wall. Except for the arms hewn over the doorway, its face was bare of all ornament, and every window barred.

When, with some difficulty, Mr. Brand had regained his room he found the same battered tray which he knew by sight standing on the table. Having drunk the very black coffee and eaten the stale roll, he once more made his way downstairs, and after opening several wrong doors found himself in the room which he had first entered last night. Seen by daylight, it appeared to be a disused library. The walls were lined with over-laden shelves, and the old billiard-table in the middle was heaped with volumes. In the second apartment the *Principessa* was sitting in front of the empty fireplace, exactly as she had been sitting last night, and, exactly as last night, her scent-bottle and her fan lay on the table beside her and her hands rested in her lap. Every bit of furniture in the room seemed to have been dragged to this end. A fragment of a Persian carpet placed under the *Principessa's* chair was all that covered the grim, grey flagstones with which all the lower apartments were paved. On one side of the chimney-piece there hung the faded water-colour portrait of a lad of some fifteen years.

'Her dead husband,' Mr. Brand decided, for he felt certain that the *Principessa* was a widow.

Beside the scent-bottle and the fan there stood a breakfast-tray. Mr. Brand flushed dark red at sight of it. The suggestion awakened by its presence here touched upon a perpetually sore point.

'Not considered good enough, I suppose, to take my food along with her,' he all but said aloud.

'Good morning,' he began sulkily. 'I've only come to take my leave. You'll be rid of me directly.'

As she turned he perceived that her face was not as purely white as the lamplight had made it appear, but tinged with the warm hue of old ivory. Mr. Brand could not at once make up his mind whether this discovery made her less beautiful or more so. Keen though her black eyes were, there yet shone in their depths some of that indescribable peacefulness which seems to be the reward of living much alone.

She wished him good morning in a smooth, cool voice, and without taking any notice of his last words. Then she added: 'You will require a guide to show you the right road. I have given the orders. I believe there is a boy waiting at the gate.'

Mr. Brand flushed a shade darker. 'I'm going on the spot—don't be afraid. I only came in to ask whether I owe you anything. I should prefer, if you please, to pay for my supper and my bed—such as they were.'

When he had said it he took fright. He could not have said it at all had he not been half choking with rage, not so much at the *Principessa's* words as at something undefinable about her manner of looking at him.

For one passing instant her eyes blazed up, but immediately her lips tightened. She paused, as though to regain her self-control, and then steadily replied:

'Both your supper and your bed were very poor ones, but even had they been the best in the land they would have cost what these cost, that is nothing. I am not accustomed to take money.'

'But I am accustomed to paying my way,' persisted Mr. Brand. 'I have done so all my life. I have never asked for any stranger's hospitality as a present. Perhaps you think that I have not got enough money about me, but I tell you that I have plenty, and more at home.'

'I know that you have got money,' said the *Principessa* gently, 'a great deal of money.'

Mr. Brand tore open his eyes.

'Nonsense, you don't know me from Adam, so how can you know about my money? What's put the idea into your head? My get-up perhaps?' and he glanced down savagely at the wreck of his linen coat, whose creased front was mottled with water-stains, and on whose right sleeve the bramble thorns had left a wide rent.

'You have guessed rightly. It was precisely the look of your coat which made me feel certain that you must be a wealthy man. It is not hard to make one's entry when one knows that one's

attire is faultless, but to come into a strange room in that coat as confidently as you did last night one would require to be either a millionaire or—let us say a Royal Highness. I do not think you are the one, therefore I conclude that you must be the other. I will not speak of your blows upon the gate; a poor man does not generally force his way into a household at night, for he is accustomed to be put down. But it was the coat which decided the question for me.'

Mr. Brand listened open-mouthed, reflected for a little, and then shook his head.

'I can't quite follow you; but you seem to be a kind of fortune-teller. It's quite true that I've got a heap of money. Can you tell me anything more about myself?'

'I believe I could; but I do not wish to give offence.'

'Please speak out,' said Mr. Brand, in whom curiosity had now the upper hand.

'Well, then, you have acquired your money yourself.'

'And how do you know that I haven't inherited it?'

The *Principessa* hesitated ever so slightly. 'By the shape of your nails,' she then replied, with a gleam as of mischief in the depths of her black eyes. 'And by another thing as well—you kept your hat on your head when you first spoke to me last night.'

Though he was holding his hat in his hand, Mr. Brand instinctively made a grab at his head. He gazed at his hostess, lost in admiration.

'You're a keen woman,' he remarked at last. 'There's no doubt whatever that you've got your wits about you.'

Her features relaxed into a faint smile of amusement.

'May I sit down?' asked Mr. Brand, a little diffidently: for now that his anger was spent, his awe of his hostess was beginning to return. 'I should like to try you further. Tell me more about myself. Am I married or single? Have I got children or not?'

'You are certainly married, or you would not have asked the second question. As regards the children'—she took a careful look at his face—'I do not think that you have been worried by the screams of many babies, nor would you know how to play with them. Possibly you may have an only child.'

'Right again! I've never had more than one girl. She's at school now, but I mean to get her home next year. She's rather a nice-looking lass.'

'Indeed!' said the *Principessa*, with polite indifference.

'Well, I suppose I ought to be moving,' said Mr. Brand, still keeping his seat. 'I wonder if Polly will believe my story about having mixed up this house with the Curhaus.'

'It will not greatly matter whether she believes it or not.'

'Why not?'

'Because I feel quite assured that you are not afraid of your wife.'

'That's true also. But, upon my word, I don't yet fairly understand how I managed to stumble in here. Except that both buildings are big, and both whitish, they are not a bit like each other, are they?'

'I cannot inform you,' said the *Principessa*. 'I have occasionally heard this Curhaus mentioned, but I have never set eyes upon it.'

'Never set eyes? Dear me, are you a stranger here?'

'I have lived in this place for twenty-five years.'

'And you have never been across the valley?'

'Let me conclude. I was about to say that for twenty-five years I have lived in the Monastero, and that for almost twenty-one I have not put my foot outside its walls. The Curhaus was built, I think, fifteen years ago. That is the explanation of my never having seen it.'

'Twenty-one years,' repeated Mr. Brand. 'What makes you shut yourself up so?'

The *Principessa* sat silent for a few seconds.

'I have nothing to seek outside,' she said coldly. 'My world is here.'

Her eyes passed over the faded water-colour portrait on the wall, and returned to the fireplace.

'And did you learn to speak English here?' blurted out Mr. Brand.

The *Principessa* was still staring straight in front of her. She smiled now without changing her attitude, just as though in place of the empty grate some vision of the past had arisen.

'No, I did not learn your language here. I first learned to speak it in Paris—beautiful, wicked Paris; but in St. Petersburg also I had much practice. English happened then to be the fashion of the moment.'

'You have never seen the Curhaus, and you have been to Paris and St. Petersburg?'

'I have told you already that for twenty-one years I have not

been outside these walls. Twenty-one years ago the Curhaus was not built; but both Paris and St. Petersburg existed. Surely, the matter is simple.'

To Mr. Brand it appeared anything but simple; but the tone of the reply left him no courage for further questions. The boy at the gate was not kept waiting much longer after this, for when presently the *Principessa* inquired gently whether the Signora Brand would not be getting anxious for his return, even Mr. Brand could not misunderstand.

He made his way home, feeling both aggrieved and interested. He had wondered whether she would give him her hand at parting, but she had made no such movement. He was quite certain that she was a grand lady, what people call 'a woman of the world,' though living so far from it now; but, nevertheless, when, having reached the Curhaus and looked up the required word in the dictionary, he saw it printed black upon white that '*Principessa*' was the Italian for 'Princess,' Mr. Brand was somewhat taken aback. He had not been quite prepared for this.

(To be continued.)

*'How to Make the Most of Life.'*¹

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

HOW to make the most of life.' The question is difficult to answer, even by one who has gone far along the course of life. Some think that is best that brings most wealth; others, that which confers most honour in the present life, or fame in future ages. Some look only for competency and contentment, not avoiding work, but rather liking it; others care for nothing like ease and pleasure, as they call it. In fact, this is the strangest of worlds in its selection of what may be considered the best and most of life, and if I were to give way to all suggestions on the point, I might stand here for hours speaking on the diverse views.

I am, fortunately, limited to fifty or sixty minutes, and I must, therefore, shaping my own course and presenting my own idea state at once a belief that to make the most of life is to lead the healthiest life. I do not mean by this mere physical healthiness, but I include under the term, healthiness mental, as well as physical. A man or woman may be blessed with what is commonly called bodily health, and yet may not have sound mental health. Mental health of the best cannot be enjoyed without physical or bodily health, that is to say, there must be a sound body for a sound mind; but a sound body may exist with a mind that may not be very sound; therefore, perfect health means a sound body with a sound mind implanted in it.

Whatever our fate may be in life, whatever our fate may be in regard to future prosperity or renown, the way to make the most of life is to try to be healthy in body and mind. I shall put

¹ Address introductory to the Literary and Scientific Section of the Grindelwald Conference, 1894. Delivered at Grindelwald, Switzerland, on Monday, August 13, 1894.

health of the body first, as becomes a physician, but I shall not forget the subtler, or diviner part any the less when I come to treat upon it.

HEALTH OF THE BODY FOR MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

This body of ours, what a strange thing it is when we think of it. You will, I dare say, be surprised to hear from me that as yet we do not know much about it in respect to its complete vital action. We know something about its anatomy. We know it is made up of great systems, or parts; of the solid bony parts, or the skeleton; of the half solid moving parts, the muscles; of the exquisite organs by which we take in the impressions of the external universe, the eye, the ear, and the other organs of sense; of the marvellous centres of brain, spinal cord, and ganglia, with those lines or nerves through which the external impressions, caught and condensed by the senses, are conveyed to be treasured up, or stored; of the active organs called the digestive, by and through which the sustenance that builds up the bodily structures is prepared for nutriment; of the busy organs, the heart and blood-vessels, by which the food, transmuted into blood, is carried all over the body in continuous circuit; of the breathing organs, the lungs, by which the gaseous residue, or smoke of the animal fire that has been fed by the fuel of food, slowly burned in the widespread surface of the circulation, is carried off, and by which the vital air for new combustion is absorbed; of the truly wonderful parts called the glands, by which fluids useful for digestive and various other purposes are formed, and by which useless fluids, injurious if retained, are eliminated or thrown off from the body;—organs like the liver, the glands of the stomach which pour out the digestive juice, or glands of the skin which invisibly throw off, as vapour, their two pounds weight of water per day; and, lastly, of the outstretched planes or sheets known as the membranes, which hold all the other structures in their places, fold them into one uniform whole, and perform besides many functions we do not as yet comprehend.

All this we know, and I must not be understood as underrating the knowledge, while I repeat we know, comparatively, so little of the life of the body, that it remains to us still a mystery, an engine of which we grasp endless details, but few principles compared with our knowledge of other, if not simpler working mechanics which we ourselves construct.

Ah! you may say, if we are so badly informed then, how can we make the most of life by striving to do the best on the lines of health? How could a man who did not know the complete principle of a watch keep a watch in good order? Or, how could an engineer who did not understand the principle of a steam-engine keep his engine in such a healthy state that it is able to wear to the very last? I might answer that the watchmaker is not master of the principle of the watch out and out, for he does not know in what manner the mainspring stores up the force which he puts into the watch every time he winds it up, or why the steel spring takes from him, and lets out, leisurely, under the regulation of the balance, what he gives to it; neither does the engineer know how the coal of his furnace retains the heat of the sun stored up in it for so many ages that we cannot count them. I will not, however, quibble over this, but will merely insist that as a watchmaker, or an engineer who may be ignorant of many things may yet keep the instruments under his charge in excellent order, so we can go a long way in making the most of life by keeping our bodies in order, by preventing numerous common and serious evils resulting from obvious self-inflicted injurious causes. I once had a curious and instructive conversation with an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine. It was a beautiful engine and worked as true as steel could work. The man surprised me by telling me it had been at work ninety years, 'and do you know,' he added, 'it has had eight masters; I am the eighth who has had the care of it; the others are all either dead or worn out, and yet it goes on as if it were as young as ever. Very strange, sir, isn't it, that an engine should live so much longer than a man; and it is not hard work for us either, or exposed work, for the room is always warm and comfortable, and the place is, of course, clean and light.' 'What did the men die from?' I asked. 'Well, three or four, I am afraid, died of drink, another of bad temper, another of worry, and so on, but the engine went on all the same.' The fate of the engine, its long life and continued industry, puzzled the man. He often in his lonely hours thought of it, and wondered how many men would follow him before the engine began to break down. It did not puzzle me. That engine worked a great many hours a day truly; but it was equable in its work; it never ran loose; it was true in its vocation; it was bright as a new pin, clean in every point; it was served with best but simplest fuel food; it had its furnace tubes clear; it was saved from friction by having its

parts properly oiled ; and, it drank nothing but water. So it lived on through nearly three generations, with a good chance of living through three more ; it was allowed, in fact, to make the most of its physical life. Its masters did not make the most of their lives ; they might have been somewhat industrious, but they were not so orderly, so true, so steady, so clean as they made the engine ; they had not learned so well how to find the best food and drink for their own labour as had been found for the engine ; they did not make the most of their lives, and therefore they stopped, but the engine went, still merrily, on its way.

I noticed in naming the systems of organs of which the body is composed the rigid, solid systems of bones—the skeleton. We may not know all the duties and work of the skeleton, but we do know its necessities, and the deformities which befall it from causes that are under human control. In little children the skeleton sometimes grows up rickety and badly shapen when food deficient in earthy solidifying material is supplied to it. We may see the skeleton of a young person, who is fairly fed, bent and distorted by various mechanical errors ; bow-legged, because made to stand too early ; unshapen in the palate, rabbit-shaped of mouth because the mother or nurse allowed it, as an infant, to suck its thumb ; we may see the young cyclist spine-bent because he has curved himself too determinately to the shape he thought necessary in order to make pace ; we may see the older person made bow-legged, or spine-bent, because forced to carry heavy weights on the shoulders, or engaged at work in a crouching, bent condition for long hours at a time. If we turn to the organs of the senses we are certain, notwithstanding an ignorance of their more refined kind of work, that they can be made unhealthy by various avoidable causes ; the ear can be made imperfect in function by subjection to too much noise ; the eye by exposure to too intense a light, or by being exercised with too great nearness to the object looked at. If we turn to the brain, we may discover how it can be over-worked or under-worked ; if to the digestive organs, how they can be impaired by improper foods and drinks ; if to the heart and circulatory organs, how they can be injured by bad exercises or poor exercises ; if to the lungs, or breathing organs, how they can be imperilled by inhaling dust and other impurities ; if to the glands, how they can be deteriorated by residence in dark and unwholesome dwellings and valleys ; if to the membranes, how they can be hurt by shocks and accidents, or destroyed of their mobility by excessive mechanical labour and

pressure. From an every-day observation we all, gentle and simple, may learn without any great study how the prime systems of the body are open to injury from common causes of injury which are largely avoidable; and we may be sure we are not making the most of the physical side of life when we allow ourselves, or others, to be subjected to serious evils which are irremediable if once established. In plain English, we are not making the most of our bodily life when we are not doing our best to keep it protected, as far as lies in our power, from all physical harm. As a matter of course we cannot do everything for the best in this respect; we do not know all that is best; and, as the old wise saying puts it, in many instances the sins of the fathers descend to the children to the third and fourth generation, some sins to generations further on. But we can do many things we do not do that are for the best; can secure much good to our own selves; and, to reverse the proverb, can aid in determining that our virtues, rather than our sins, shall descend to those who shall spring from us.

PHYSICAL DETAILS.

Let me, resting here, from the statement of a general proposition which was necessary, touch on one or two particular things that are good, in our endeavours to make the most of life on the physical side of it; good things that are not difficult to carry out, and are certainly not laborious or expensive. We are making the most of life physically when we are sustaining our bodies on the simplest foods. The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding; they think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse. I am the director of an insurance company, and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life; if then two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious, and the other be competent and frugal, frugal even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as twenty per cent. at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person. Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity; but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best

work. Never eat until you are satiated; never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity; eat slowly, take small mouthfuls; masticate, or chew your food well; touch your food with your fingers as little as possible; do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most; have all animal food well cooked, and do not forget fruit as food. In Queen Elizabeth's time the orange, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the Queen's table; but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were cut up with the frill of paper round the end of the joint to hold by, forks being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short-lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable, as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign; we have fruit galore, and have clean forks instead of dirty fingers to raise our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.

If, in trying to make the most of life on the physical side, we are particular in respect to what we eat, we should be still more particular in respect to what we drink. The custom of ages is against us here. By nature there has been produced for us, whose bodily structures are made up of sixty parts in a hundred of water, one fluid only for the making up purpose, and that fluid is *water*. Water is swallowed without repugnance; it suits the natural taste; it, and it alone, quenches and relieves the appetite called thirst; it alone dissolves the solid food taken into the body; and it alone bears the food, like a river of life, to its various destinations. To the present time all the lower animals find, and are content with, this single simple drink, be they great or small. The insect world—and the insect world is one of the most wonderful worlds to see and explore—requires for its life no better fluid; the birds of the air, from the redbreast to the eagle, require none other; the beasts of the earth, from the titmouse to the elephant, require none other; the inhabitants of the sea, from the minnow to the leviathan whale, require none other. But man in his savage days, by some strange accident, discovered a water that had become admixed with another fluid, later on known as wine, later on still as spirit; he drank the fluid, and found it turned him into a new being, not into an angel or better being than himself originally, but into a mad being, a boisterous being, filled at first with mirth, and finally with despair and disease. He

liked this fluid; it set him craving for more; it caused the invasion into mankind of a new drinking race that collected it, learned to make it, imbibed it, and started drunkenness with all its horrors, crimes, lies, deceits, murders, and deaths the grand result. I once called this discovered fluid, what I re-call it to-day, *the devil in solution*, because it produces effects the nearest of all to what we can suppose the legendary devil would produce if he had full power; and I quote it again in order to enforce the statement that you are making the most of life when, ignoring this devil yourselves as, physically, one of the worst of devils with which you could be possessed, you are striving to remove it from a world into which it has entered in various guises, as wine, spirit, ale, beer, rum, gin, brandy, and the like of these, to disorganise the human body, cheat it of strength, activity, life, and, in a word, carry physical and mental desolation wherever it goes.

A man or woman who lives frugally, who takes the simple food he was made to subsist on and no more, who drinks the one natural fluid, water, who lives, in regard to eating and drinking, the natural life, is fitted primarily for the best life, the strongest, the most active, the most enduring. Presuming he is born of good and wholesome constitution, he is then, except for accidental destructive agencies, in a fair way to live five times his maturity, that is, five times twenty-one years, the natural term of his anatomical life—one hundred and five years—a term few reach, but which is attainable as a matter of experience, and so attainable as a matter of natural law that the majority would attain it if they lived on proper food and drink.

Food and drink are not all in life. We must make the best of things in other ways. We must work and play. There are two ways in which we have to look at work. Work is a master all are made to serve, but some find work that suits them, while others are obliged to follow work whether they like it or not. They are the most fortunate who find the work that suits them; but they, fortunately, who find the work that does not at first suit them usually by custom become adapted to their work, and in time accept it as a part of themselves, for man is largely an automatic creature, and follows until he leads, gaining step by step in his advancement. This is fortunate, for usually there is a very limited choice, and as the work of the world gets easier and easier, one generation preparing for the next, the limitation will be stricter and stricter, and work will have to be regulated for its own sake, so that everyone may find something useful to do. As

a matter of necessity, if all men or women had only to work for their own requirements of life, and if every man or woman had merely, for a limited time, to provide for the family without anxiety about any succeeding generation, there would be no more work in this world than would be sufficient for a proper condition of health and of happiness. We who are here will probably not live to witness the grand revolution that has to come—a revolution abhorrent to us hard workers of the individual school, who live to love work, and who feel an honest pride in our individuality, but one that must come, and, like the mightiest waves of an ocean, must overcome particular waves, however high and crested they may for a moment be. You who are young are coming into preparation for the great social change, and if your lives go with it you will be exempt from idleness on the one hand and from overwork on the other, so that you will find your days divided into responsible but easier work, play and recreation.

That the most may be made of life, work of any kind should take an average of about eight hours in twenty-four. In the youngest workers of the human family it should not exceed eight hours, neither should it in those who have passed middle age; but in the prime of life, granting that it be not of the severest order, hard muscular or severe mental work, it may run from eight to twelve hours, and that even with advantage, if periods for actual holidays from all work be permitted. Long hours daily for recreation become monotonous, and do not recuperate the active body so completely as variations of rest and recreation. Fifty years ago the present Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, taught a most practical lesson on this point, a lesson which is only now beginning to be duly appreciated. He very wisely, truthfully, and, at the same time, originally argued that the population of England works in its masses, persistently and strenuously, creating wealth and the means for health, leisure, and recreation for the fortunate members of the community, raising a fund for their pleasure, but receiving back to themselves a very small portion for the same purpose. The fund accumulates, but the bank, so to say, is not cleared; there is congestion of the national head, stagnation there, while the body is impoverished. This is not the right mode of action. The fund of leisure is enormous; it should be distributed, and the distribution should be so just that it should go in its natural course to all the people. The Duke, therefore, was for giving abundant holidays, by which

he believed industry would rather be aided than prevented. The argument throughout was so good, so refined, so logical, it is wonderful how it could have been so much forgotten considering the attention it called forth at the time. Perhaps the reason for the neglect rested in the fact that the author wished to have his beneficent project carried out by means of a restoration of the holidays, or holy days of the Church. Happy would it have been for this country if there had been fifty years of such holidays as those you are now enjoying to your hearts' content.

On the whole, working is something like feeding; there is such a thing as a gluttony of work, and there is such a thing as a parsimony of work. They who indulge in either are not making the best of life. He or she who indulges in moderate work, sensibly heedless of the idea of working hard in early life in order to be free of all work in later days, is doing the best for making life continually useful and happy. A man of years, a little fagged and dismal from labour, pitchforked into years of enforced idleness, is often amongst the most miserable of creatures we meet with. The great surgeon, Sir Astley Paston Cooper, was, for a short time, one of these unhappy men, until the bough of a tree in his park showed an arm for a suggested gallows, on which he fled the gallows and sought work again to his own advantage and the good of his fellow-men.

I have now said as much as time will allow me about work; let me for a few moments turn to recreation. The term is a common but not strictly a scientific one. It means to start anew, or, in fact, to reconstruct or re-create. Whether at work or play, we are always re-creating—that is to say, we are rebuilding our bodies out of new matter; but in truth we are still ever going through a series of forced marches to the end. No one stroke of the heart is ever recovered, regained, or, as a stroke, repeated. The body is formed, or modelled to do at its full a certain number of vital physical acts, and no more. 'There are three things that come not back,' said the ancient Caliph, 'the sped arrow, the improper thought, and the spoken word.' He might have added a fourth, *the vital act*. No vital act returns, no more than the tick of the second in the timepiece. We may make the vital acts run out in a brief time, fast! fast! fast! but we can never recall them. We are the watches of Life, with this difference, that as we can never have a new mainspring, we must work out the spring we possess. We may run down almost as quickly as we please, but we cannot renew the prime source of life. In pleasure, therefore, we do not

really re-create; but if we proceed properly, we transfer action into new channels, and give wearied organs time to rest—a change which, in so far as it affects our nervous centres, is of enormous service, because it saves for a time responsibility and anxiety. But when diversion becomes responsible, it becomes work, it is doing the bad instead of the best, and it may be doing the worst; as when to play a man adds hazard, or gambling, with all its tricks and miseries and early death; or when in sport, athleticism is, by excess, leading into decrepitude. And now a word respecting exercise and games.

Of the value of exercise there is no doubt, but these are becoming so numerous it is difficult to select from them the best for life. I do not think they go much by individual inclination, they are rather children of fashion or of habit. One says, 'I like tennis, or bowls, or golf, or football, or cricket, or cycling, or walking, or climbing.' These are tastes engendered and cultivated rather than originated. Yet there are capabilities befitting all games, and some no doubt find those capabilities of skill that best become them and that are best adapted to them. A forced game is not pleasure, but work. That physical game is most worthy of cultivation that suits most easily. In this way all physical games play their useful part, and, in my view, deserve every encouragement. I have been often publicly accused, especially by the too enthusiastic young, with criticising pure athletic sports. Nothing could be further from my mind. On the contrary, I urge all young men and women to cultivate true sports. To walk, to dance, to row, to swim, to ride, to cycle, to play cricket, tennis, croquet, racquets, golf, bowls, skittles, base-ball, gymnastics—every game, in fact, that can be mentioned, and that gives health. Variety is good. I proclaim only, and I proclaim again, against the unhealthy, sometimes the fatal, results that arise from the unnatural use of exercise of every sort.

There are two or three fair criticisms at this point. Football is open to criticism because it is dangerous and liable to cause strain, and is not a game that leads to great physical and mental progress. Cycling, so admirable in its way, is injurious to the young when it is carried to sleeplessness and over-wrought muscular power, and excessive stroke of the heart; rowing is serious when it is carried to breathlessness and palpitation; mountain travelling is bad for life when it engenders nervous exhaustion and mental anxiety. All these extreme exercises are not for the best of life, and I could fill many a page with the

description of them, but I need not, because the danger of them may all be told by your own sensations. There is such a thing in every man, and in every woman, as a physical conscience. I do not believe there is any person who does not know by his own sensations when he is going wrong in the matter of physical exertion. It requires no learned doctor to say this or that is wrong. But many deceive themselves, and go on under stimulation of flattery or ambition, determined at all risks to be first in the race of life. Then they fall. I do not mean by this 'throw away ambition.' On the contrary, without ambition there would be stagnation; but regulate it and thereby crown it. The way to make the most of life in regard to ambition in physical sport is to let it carry its rider, not let it run away with him.

MENTAL EXERCISE AND HEALTH OF MIND.

I must say no more about the physical manner of making the most of life, because it is time to come to that mental exercise noticed in the opening passages; and here a vision appears before us so wonderful, and on all sides so tempting, as well as approachable, it is hard to resolve in what particular direction to direct our view. 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' says the poet, and the saying is among the truest in all poetry. The mind is a kingdom into which all the universe pours, and in which during life all the immediate universe of every person concentrates, for which reason we say the mind of man is largely according to environment. It is not altogether according to environment, for in it heredity plays so distinct a part that we carry with us the mind of our ancestors, and are often doing unconsciously what they under the same circumstances would have done. My own impression is, that memory itself extends in some instances through ancestry, and that those curious phenomena of so-called 'pre-existence' which many feel are continuous memories. It will be good to follow up this view no further than to allow it to indicate how great a subject for future generations is the proper mental culture of the present generation.

They who would make the most of life are they who try to make the best of the time in which they live. Some will say, 'Oh, I am so insignificant! What does it matter what I think, act, or perform?' Let the thought pass from you; nothing in the world of life is insignificant. There is the floating body which we naturalists call an amoeba. It is a small speck, like jelly, composed itself of protoplasmic substance, finely granular, semi-

transparent, colourless, containing its nuclei and nucleoli. It lives, and although it seems to have no volition of its own, no reason, yet it spreads over minute organisms, and extracts from them its food, leaving behind it those parts which afford no nourishment. We all of us, except a few curious philosophers, pass it by, as if by its insignificance it were nothing that need be heeded. Not heeded? Why, such a part does the world of amoeba play in life, that a world of Alexanders or Napoleons were not equal to it—possibly could not exist if it did not. It, in its individual form, is one of the foundations of the organic life, as every child is a foundation of the mental life. The world of mind is what its largest combined units may be, and every unit is itself a kingdom.

To make the best of this kingdom, on its mental side, the health of the mind demands as much care as the health of the body, and I cannot do better than trace out a few of the causes of health on the mental side as leading to the most of life.

Diligence.—Diligence is more useful than work, for work may intermit, while diligence goes on; work may apply to labour only; diligence applies to both work and play, nay, even to sleep, for a man or woman may be diligent in sleep, and by it overcome what are difficult tasks to sleepless people. Sir William Davenant has an exquisite poetical sentence on the quality of diligence, which, though forgotten at this moment, should become common by implantation into the memory of all the young:

'Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, nature's clock! and could his hour-glass fall
Would, as for seed of stars, stoop for the sand,
And by incessant labour gather all.'

The poet is true; diligence gathers up all work, occupation, reading, play, travel, observation, sleep. This at all events is my experience from my youth to this day, wherefore I commend it to all who are here at this hour.

'Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, nature's clock!'

They must be healthy who are diligent, if diligence be set in innocence.

Learning.—Learning with diligence makes us acquire, incidentally as it were, a world, a kingdom, within ourselves. We read Books, we read the world of man, we read the world of nature. books are our first, and perhaps all through life, our sweetest companions. They are the man universal; 'the monuments of

vanished minds'; the fruit of the trees of the garden of knowledge. I will not stay to analyse them; the religious book, the classical book, the poetical book, the dramatic book, the scientific book, the novel, the history; but I must rest for one moment to declare that of secular books the book of history is by far the best, and that in the book of history that chapter is the best of the best that deals with the history of man, the so-called biography, or autobiography; man, woman, faithfully depicted by others or by themselves. If a young scholar from the first reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests the lives of men and women until they are familiar to him as household words, he becomes by necessity in his nature the greatest in the knowledge, and perhaps in the wisdom of his time. When we know the true life of a great man or woman, we must, in order to know it, become acquainted with its day and generation, with the minor people who were moving round it, with the acts and events, great and little, that were going on around it; with the reasons why it stood out so conspicuously that the name and fame of its owner were worthy of being retained; all elements of most useful knowledge. There is more, too, than mere information and pleasing or displeasing incident to biography. There is the lesson of observation and fair criticism, a lesson that cannot be over-estimated. Of men and women of the present time, we can form no true estimate; we cannot know them accurately, and it is certain that in the future not only will many of great mark pass into nothingness with the earth that devours them, or the fire that consumes them, but that many men and women, of whom we now know very little, or whom we may know, perchance, as the despised of the world, will stand out as the true shining lights of their age. A number of sterling reasons account for this probability. They who, living now, are in advance of their time are not speaking and repeating the current sentiments and ideas of their time, are not in accord with their time, are possibly oblivious of their time, or disdainful of it. Jealousies, moreover, have to be coped with, the fear of change, and, above all, that current atmosphere of mind, which, being in vibration from the tuning note on which the mental world is in current motion, will not be disturbed in its throbbings, but must wait to be reconstituted by new activities. But when in our hands we hold the histories of men who lived in a previous age, when we are able to see the age and the man at one and the same time, when there is nothing to disturb our pure vision and our pure reason, then, and only then, we are enabled to discover what is

the effect of human action on human action. We know nothing of the immediate effects of forgotten jealousies, for they do not concern us ; we know nothing of those binding ties which helped to crib and confine men, during their lives, to particular formulas, views, and interests ; and so, our vision unclouded, and our minds free, we are accustomed to wonder how the world around them could have questioned, for a moment, some men of greatness who in their lifetime were doubted, hated, and set aside as the actual enemies of the epoch they fearlessly and faithfully served. We see, moreover, on the other hand, in the past readings of human character, the part which subservience plays in life, and how sometimes the winning of a temporary success may clothe even crime with riches, power, and popularity, and make selfishness and pride the subject of adulation.

There is one word more to be said in favour of that grammar of the human mind, the study of biography. We constantly learn from it in what way from little causes great events spring. 'You little know what great things from little things may rise,' are the words of an almost forgotten song, and the words are true. For example, I discovered once that an old Charterhouse pensioner named Stephen Grey, in the year 1729, during his annual holiday, carried down from the Charterhouse to Otterden Manor, near Faversham, in Kent, all the elements of the discovery of electric telegraphic communication. I say carried, for every glass tube, every rubber, every ball, every bit of Dutch gold leaf, every bit of resin and wire were packed in the basket which he bore with him, and from which, on May the 29th, in the year 1729, he discovered electrical conductive insulation and induction, as well as the method of transmitting an electric current a distance of seventy feet along a cord supported by silk bearers. Think of that alone as one trifle of biographical history. Think of the present girdling of the world in forty minutes ; think of the thousands of miles, thousands of tons of wire ; think of the millions of messages that pass through electric channels ; think of voices conveyed for miles ; think of all these wonders, and behold in your biographical eye the elements of them resting in a basket carried by an old scholar, unknown almost, cared for by a few friends only, and not himself seeing for one moment the future glory that hung on his back, or swung from his hand ; think, I repeat, and believe that the lesson of biography read profitably is one of the best lessons for making the most of life.

Travel.—Seeing the world is another grand exercise for the mind. There is no learning out of reading so good as that

which is gained by excursion, when excursion is wisely directed. Such an excursion as that you have made this year to Grindelwald is splendid as a piece of learning. It teaches all kinds of things, and raises expectation to such an extent, that it tells those who are young not to rest until they have seen all they can of the planet they occupy. It is astonishing in these days of travel to see desire and progress go hand in hand as they do, and what a revolution of travel is effected in a single generation! I had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the late Mr. Cook, of Leicester, the founder of the famous Cook excursions system, and he narrated to me one day when I visited him and his admirable wife, how his series of excursions began. Near to Leicester is the beautiful Charnwood Forest, with its Bradgate Park, its Grâce-Dieu, Beaumanoir, Mount Sorrel, Bernard Monastery, Bardon Hill, and sundry other places. The distance through is not great, for I have walked it in one day from Leicester, but it was sufficient for a start, and from this Mr. Cook commenced his excursion trips. They were soon well supported, and gradually he extended them. His enterprising son joined him in his exertions, and he himself lived to see their two names known as guides and travellers so far and wide over the world that to have an universal Cook card and follow it practically is to learn the most remarkable accessible parts of all the world. As time rolls on the same kind of educational travel will proceed until, in another generation, no person will be considered an educated person until he or she shall have made the grand tour, the tour of the earth. In the days of Elizabeth and James I. scholars went to Italy; that was their grand tour, and they were then said to be Italianated; they will, ere long, make the planet their Italy, and will be planetated in their education.

Travel befits itself to all tastes. Every branch of learning bends to it, so that those who travel may directly pluck the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Geography is traced by it with the earth itself as the map. Astronomy yields to it so that the skies in which the world is enwrapped give to the eye all their diamond lustres that are visible. Forests and flowers, fruits and gardens, mountains, rivers, and seas open themselves to the mind. Languages gathered up with infinite labour and sadness from grammars and dictionaries fall on the ear in their original sound and are caught as they are spoken. Our beautiful English, the best language of the world, and destined to be the universal language of the world, is distributed from pole to pole, and intercommunication is gaining, by unity of speech, an irresistible force. The arts of the world are becoming common properties, and the

sciences are made the most attainable of human possessions. In brief, under these marvellous changes and advancements the world is becoming its own university in which all may graduate. Soon, I would suggest, university ships should go to all places, with duly appointed professors, libraries, laboratories, lecture rooms, observatories, and all else that appeals to the mind of the educating man and woman of all countries, England, as Queen of the Seas, leading the way, not for war, but for that millennial peace when literally 'the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them.'

Up to this time I have dwelt entirely on the affirmative side, as if there were no errors of life that may be blotted out by the changes of life that have been suggested. There is something else; there are many things that the efforts of making the most of life would blot out. Men and women who are content to remain in their old condition, and who consider that their life, as it is, is the best, are apt, in their narrow sphere, to entertain suspicions and ideas which at once weaken and embitter their existence. They become jealous of those who are more active and intelligent than themselves, and jealousy is a true disease, a disease amongst the most critical and dangerous. It begets physical disorder and mental depression. It leads to brooding, to envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It excites serious contentions and unnecessary strifes, and after a time makes those who indulge in it chronically ill and unhappy. They are pained at the sight of useful success in others, and would rather dwell on their own misery than rejoice with them who rejoice in the freedom of a progressive career. But they who avoid this miserable condition know and revel in enjoyment. The communion with Nature lifts them above the jealous wanderings of the wayward; supplies what is above self and yields the highest happiness. Such can know no corroding jealousy. In each new study they find a new delight; in each new soul a new communion; in each new art or science, or result of art or science, a new pleasure, contributing new hopes, new impulses, final proofs that they are indeed making the most of life, and that, as the poet physician, Akenside, tells them:—

'The men whom Nature's works can please
With God Himself hold converse; grow familiar
Day by day with His conceptions; act upon His plans;
And form to His the relish of their souls.'

After a Year.

THE slender lilies nod their heads
 On either side the garden-way
 And all along the flower-beds

Tall foxgloves stand in fair array ;
 The throstle, in the pear-tree near,
 Still carols, as when first we came,
 The same old song he sang last year,
 And we, we are no more the same.

How strong the lilies smell ! How neat
 The ordered rose-beds, row on row !
 It's still the scene that seemed so sweet
 A year ago—a year ago.

We noticed how that apple-bough
 Stood out so green against the sky,
 It's just as fair as ever now,
 But we are altered, you and I.

The days have come between us two
 And moved us ever more apart ;
 We cannot, as we used to do,
 Tell to each other all our heart.

AFTER A YEAR.

Only a year since last we met,
But in that year what things have been !
We walk, we talk together, yet
We cannot bridge the gulf between.

All looks unchanged, save us alone,
We've drifted into other ways ;
Time turns the page, the past is gone
And nought restores the vanished days.
The flying hours new scenes reveal,
We never fancied, you and I,
The day could come when we should feel
No longer sad to say good-bye.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

A Labourer and his Hire.

I.

THE old parson's hair was white and smooth; his cheeks were like finely streaked apples; above their prominent bones his dark eyes shone always, and often smiled. The starched purity of his cravat condoned his rusty cloth, and the patch, of rustic workmanship, near the toe of his right boot.

‘Father!’

He turned. He had been gazing towards the church, gray and ancient, beyond the holly hedge.

‘I am ready, my dear,’ he answered with respondent brightness; ‘Jacob and the wheelbarrow have started. But there’s abundance of time.’

‘We’d better be on the safe side, though. That train’s dreadfully punctual.’

Clasping her hands about his arm, she danced down the Vicarage Lane; a girl who—after certain theories—should never have entered this world. Whether the world would be worse or better for the suppression of her and her kind, was a question not likely to trouble her unbiassed observers. The eyes above the apple cheeks were here reproduced in beauty rare and pure; the uncostly dress took nothing from the charm of the rippling hair, the features, delicately moulded, the supple form. The old parson, indeed, unlearned in feminine fabrics, thought it enhanced thereby.

‘Why, my Rosie! your frock just matches the pink and white thorns yonder. And you’ve contrived the new hat!’

‘The new hat, father?’ The girl gave a little bound. ‘It’s Methuselah of yore, doctored up! And the generous skirt of my frock disgorged fresh sleeves—I copied them from that old picture of your beautiful godmother. And the mend in my glove is invisible. And I wore my boots till they dropped—like tramps’

boots under hedges; so my Oxford shoes are *sans peur et sans reproche*.'

The old parson bestowed a proud glance upon the well-turned feet tripping at his side.

'Ah, my joyous little girl! the sight of you rebukes my unbelief. "*Surely Goodness and Mercy*"—yes, it is true! I give you *carte blanche*, remember, for the date of your marriage. Such a happy marriage! Not a shadow of contempt—of regret even—either in Claude or his parents, when I told them, candidly, my circumstances.'

'Why should there be? They are as rich as Croesus! And what has love to do with money?'

'What, indeed?' rejoined the father, smiling.

They turned from the lane to the high road, encountering the rural postman, with his bags.

'Only one letter for you, sir, to-day.'

The old parson nodded pleasantly, but in some abstraction. He turned the envelope over and over. Then he slightly raised his hat. His lips moved.

'He is praying for Strength,' thought Rosie, 'with a pang.—'Father! Mr. Thurlocote has answered?'

'By his agent. I can read as we walk.'

He drew forth the brief enclosure. A sudden blankness obscured the smile in his eyes.

'A cheque! a cheque!' cried Rosie, her gladness renewed. She sprang up the bank to gather early honeysuckle. 'I felt, last night, father, as if I could not leave you with that dreadful load on your mind! But you'll have thirty-two pounds in hand now. I've told Bridget about the bones for your soup, and the tea-leaves, and about knocking twice when you forget your dinner.'

'You are a good child, Rosie. This is my comfort—I shall be off your young mind for a while.'

'Your comfort, father?' She scanned him wistfully. But the brightness had revived in his eyes.

At the small branch station a light omnibus, just unloaded, towered above Rosie's modest wheelbarrow.

'That is the Thurlocote crest. They are off for their two months in London. Last year I was in the fields when they drove past—and how I envied those girls! I pity then now, because they're not engaged to my Claude.—There go the two fat footmen! When I have footmen, upon one point I'm resolved—I won't fatten them.'

The merry voice was lost in the roar of the train—not to

mention a waggonette, which dashed up, just in time, to the closed gates. Mr. Thurlocote, a county magnate owning land in the parish, although resident beyond its bounds, exchanged a hurried greeting with the old parson.

'A glorious day, Mr. Moore! You are lucky not to be hauled out of the country in such weather! Ruination it is, too! But I'm under command.' He glanced, with a laughing shrug, towards his family. 'You have heard from Bailey, I hope? That's right. I shall be running down, soon: some fellow in your parish traps foxes. Bailey's collecting evidence—he'll come to you, if he wants help. Good morning.'

He raised his hat in recognition of Rosie's existence, and passed on; as many would say, a typical English gentleman: distinguished in air and form, with the keen glance trained by sport; the grizzling of his hair and moustache only emphasizing his wiry activity, as he sprang to join his regal-looking spouse and their tall, serene daughters in the saloon carriage guarded by the butler.

Mr. Moore looked after him with a mingled expression, which Rosie could not fathom. But the bell rang. She leaned eagerly from her third-class window.

'Good-bye, darling, darling father. I'll send a postcard to-night. I shan't expect to hear often, because of stamps. But please tell me everything, when you do write. Good-bye, good-bye!'

The old parson stood motionless, his eyes filling, as the train steamed away, bearing with it that happy young face.

II.

THE stir past, the little platform looked strangely forlorn. The parson slowly proceeded to a small wooden erection labelled 'OFFICE,' in the adjoining coal-yard. A corpulent person filled the doorway.

'Hoh! Glad to see you, sir. Saves me stepping down to your place. You got my note, I conclude, day afore yesterday——?'

'I will come in, if you please, Mr. Wilkins,' said the old parson, meekly conscious that the strong voice pervaded the yard. Men, lading carts, had paused on their spades to listen. The station-master's wife peered from her open window.

'By all means, sir. Walk forward.' A fat hand was waved

in the direction of a three-legged stool. Mr. Moore sat down, feeling nervously for the pocket containing his purse: while the portly Wilkins, whose air of patronage comprised an inclination to hector, surveyed him from a high and dirty desk.

'Now, sir, if you please. As we pointed out in our note, three months' credit'—Mr. Wilkins tapped the desk with a long pencil—'is the very outside—stretching a point—to small customers such as yourself. My brother and me—we are really drove to signify that this state o' things must be discontinoo'd.'

The old parson looked anxiously behind him.

'Those people outside are parishioners of mine,' he said, in a plaintive tone. 'May I close the door?—I assure you I have been grieved to the heart——'

'Beg pardon, sir. Its coals, not 'arts, is our trade. Our little bill,' said the corpulent person, consulting his ledger, 'is, at the present time, 7*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* Four pound of it to account rendered. Now, sir! 'Arts out o' the question, what do you propose?'

'I did propose, when I heard from you,' said the old man, mechanically unstrapping his purse, 'to clear off the whole amount. I wrote at once to a tithe-payer, who owed me 32*l.* But to-day his agent apologizes, mentioning the bad times, and enclosing only half—16*l.* He promises the balance presently. My banking account being—well, low—and my poor-rate overdue, I intended to ask whether you would receive 5*l.*, still on account, now, and the rest when I hear again from Mr. Thur—from this gentleman? But I conclude—I had better, perhaps, contrive——'

'Why, we may all be dead and buried, sir, unless you look a bit sharper, before you hear again! Business is business, Mr. Moore. If the little bill's swept off without more ado it'll be pleasanter for all parties. Your 'igh reputation in the district, sir, convinces me of that.'

The old parson's lips moved, as if calculating—then rested—then faintly quivered.

"*Owe no man anything.*" You shall have it, Mr. Wilkins.' He rose. 'Kindly change this cheque.'

'Wan, two, three, four, a fiver, 'alf a sov., two florins, and eight 'alfpence: 8*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* There you are, sir.—I believe,' said Mr. Wilkins, in a stronger voice than ever, 'it is about ten years since we stood straight, you and me, Mr. Moore, not a penny between us, as we stand now. I'm sure your mind will be the happier for it after. Here's the receipt, sir.'

The old parson rested his back against the door.

'Mark this, Mr. Wilkins! God knows I would have given my right hand to pay you to the day. Or, that impossible, I would have burned no coal; but, all last winter, bronchitis hung about me, and every Sunday when I fail to serve my church, costs me two guineas, with fifteen shillings for cab hire. Thus coal seems a positive necessity. I say this merely to explain how the case has stood.'

'Quite so, sir. But as the gentleman's agent seemed to signify, we all have our troubles. Why, only yesterday, my wife called me downright stingy because I opened my eyes at the roast duck! Ha! ha! They're a bit exacting, the ladies! I hear your young lady is to make a downright good match. Wish you joy, sir. And may you and me never fall out no worse than this day, Mr. Moore!'

The old parson went forth deeply flushed. He walked quickly down the quiet road. The coarse voice seemed to pursue him. Presently he paused, and looked up into the heights of a flowering horse-chestnut.

'If men were like trees!' he thought.

The flush died away; there was healing in that green, murderous world. He looked himself again when, presently, he reached a water-mill at the end of a long lane. The miller, who was also the village butcher, was crossing the bridge below his door.

'I am come to make my peace, Jones. I was very sorry indeed to keep you waiting. But it was unavoidable,' said the parson, unfolding a greasy bill.

'No doubt, sir. I says the same to my son: as have turned out a very sharp young fellow. "Parson 'ud pay in a minute, if he'd got it," I says. My son laughs at that. He's a bit thick w' them argufiers, as wants the churches pulled down and the tithe give to the poor.'

'The poor?' returned the parson, with a strange smile.—'But meanwhile, Jones—till your son's reforms are carried—I am painfully conscious that the great Cause I represent may suffer through my inability to——'

'Pay up,' concluded Jones promptly. 'There's no denying it, sir. Young fellows can't be muzzled. Though me, I maintains you has expenses we knows nought of.'

'Not one beyond absolute necessity,' said the old man, as if pleading at the bar.

'Well, well, sir! So long as I gets my money, as I strives for—and I holds as the Almighty be always on the side o' them as strives. And me regular at church, and all!—not like my missis. "If I stays from church, Parson'll ask why," says her, "and then I'll give him my mind." But you see, sir, come what 'ool, my men and my lad expects their weekly wage; and if my customers don't pay me, how can I pay?'

'You are only too right there, Jones,' said the old parson mildly; 'I have just been disappointed, myself; and I had thought of proposing.—But here is your money in full—5*l.* 18*s.*—I will leave the receipt, that your son may examine the items. He will see what mere necessities—'

Jones chuckled; well knowing his son.

'Law, sir! Why should you trouble about a youngster as might be your grandchild?' he laughed, mollified, as the note rustled satisfactorily in his hand.

'Not so much about him as about the Cause, Jones. But him too, poor lad—his weak conscience must not be wounded.'

Jones chuckled again. The old parson did not hear; he was already returning over the bridge, his white head bowed.

"*Let not those that seek Thee be confounded for my sake, O God of Israel!*"—To be sure, my coat came home only yesterday; and it will run me very short. But Robbins is half an infidel, already. Better run shorter still!'

He struck across the fields to 'the shop,' the master whereof—besides dispensing bacon, paraffin, and bitter tea—was a tailor and repairer of tailoring. Here the parson paid his last debt, and received, in change, thirty-six shillings and fourpence: his total amount of cash.

His bank book, which he had examined before writing to Mr. Thurlocote, showed 12*l.* to his credit. But in his study lay a demand note for half a year's poor rate, 9*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.*; and another for land tax, 2*l.* He resolved to write these cheques immediately upon returning.

And indeed, as he soon discovered, a functionary—entitled in rustic circles Taxy Walker—was prowling, even now, to waylay him, in the Vicarage Lane.

III.

'Is anything troubling you, Bridget?'

The maid-of-all-work forthwith dropped, or rather threw, the dish which she was handing, upon the table: and fell to sobbing.

She also had received a letter. Her mother had been 'took bad, and there were no one to see to father nor the little 'uns. She would have started straight away, only Miss Rosie were off, and the master——'

The master's kind old smile dispelled her scruples. She should start by the next train.

'You can fetch Mrs. Tippetts. Or—stay!'

A thought had struck him. Was this event, perhaps, devised by Heavenly Care, to tide him safely over an anxious time?

'I hardly think I shall want anyone. When the cold beef is finished, I can cook a chop, as I did many times in my college days, my good Bridget. I can boil a kettle, too,' he added complacently.

'But, sir! Miss Rosie——'

'Miss Rosie will know nothing. To be sure, a few small matters——. Well, well, ask Mrs. Tippetts to look in for an hour every morning, and fill up her days elsewhere.'

Mrs. Tippetts, a widow 'on in years, blind o' one eye, 'ard o' 'earring,' and proportionately inexpensive, accepted this arrangement: in which Bridget's thoughtless young brains perceived no flaw.

'I had my quarter in April, sir. But if it's not onconvenient, I'd be glad of the month to take home. Seems as it *was* to be!' she remarked. 'The month's up to-day.'

Her oyster-like eyes saw no meaning in the old parson's blank silence. Unless, indeed, he were growing 'ard o' 'earring,' like Mrs. Tippetts! She raised her voice.

'Fifteen shilling, sir, if you could please to spare it.'

'It is yours, not mine, Bridget.'

His tone was very calm. Once again he unstrapped his worn purse.

At length the petty turmoils were over. No thoroughfare passed the vicarage. The parson strolled in absolute solitude through the old-fashioned garden to the churchyard. The afternoon was waning; long shadows slanted over the silent mounds. Before one, covered with monthly roses, his slow steps paused.

'Safe! Safe away,' he murmured dreamily. 'I remember that patient smile in your coffin. But you never came quite to this. Never to this, thank God!'

Then, suddenly, lifting his hat, the shining bright in his eyes:

"*They shall hunger no more,*" he said, "*neither thirst any more; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them.*"

'Beg pardon, sir—you ain't fretting after Miss Rosie?' asked a voice, high-pitched and cheerful.

Turning, he saw Jacob, the gray-haired clerk, spade on shoulder.

'No, Jacob, no; thank you all the same. That's one of my fairest spots—the goodly heritage fallen to my Rosie!'

Jacob and his spiritual pastor were close cronies. Jacob's office being hereditary, he had all his life loved and served the parish church. His heart would literally have broken, were he dislodged from his privilege of sweeping it and 'cleaning' the churchyard. The vicar, isolated by poverty, had become, since his wife's death, ten years before, increasingly dependent upon the sympathies of this loyal friend.

'You won't mention it in the parish, Jacob?' was a frequent termination of their interviews; to which Jacob responded with a silent smile, and a shake of the head speaking volumes.

'Thomas, him said,' observed the clerk, throwing off his ancient coat, and proceeding to mark out a small grave—'as this part 'll suit him best, 'cause they passes nigh it, him an' his missis, when they comes to church. They goes in at this door, sir; and the little lass, her 'll be lying alongside.'

'Ah! heart answereth to heart, you see, Jacob,' said the parson, half sitting, half leaning, on a buttress near the south porch. 'That's why I chose my own grave yonder—my dear wife's—close to the chancel. But many are saying now, Jacob, that I should never have had a wife; that clergy without private means have no right to marry.'

'Why not they the same as others, sir? Think o' the families as 'ud be crushed out if all gentry stuck at private means! But afore such laws is laid down, they should go round the country parishes. They'd find out, then, whether parsons' wives be wanted or no!'

'It seems to me, Jacob—you won't repeat this in the parish?—as if Mammon had got a hold on the Church—almost as strong, in its way, as on the world. But take my own case—a sample, doubtless, of many another; my mind was made up years before God called me to be ordained. I was a schoolboy in the sixth form when I first saw my wife, and there was never any face but hers to me. We grew together as the years grew. You knew her, Jacob; you can picture her joy when she was called to join me in the work. Yes, her call was no less strong than my own. We were not rash. We waited a long time. A college

friend of mine did marry rashly; at twenty-four, without a penny beyond his curacy; and now he is a bishop, and who blames him? I doubt if there be six celibate bishops on the Bench! not to mention deans!’

‘Well, sir, I says again, let ’em ask We. There be folks here, to this day, as ’ull shed tears when they speaks Mrs. Moore’s name! If ever the Almighty sent a blessing, He sent her. Ask my missus—and a many more. “I ’a’ got children o’ my own, Peggy,” her’d say. Or, “I ’a’ gone through it—I has my fight the same as you.” That were how her’d hearten ’em up. It be my belief the Almighty made her poor for the purpose. Stands to reason! His own Son were poor; an’ us knows why. Ah, sir! it were a bad day when us lost her!’

‘A good day for her, Jacob.—Thank God, I never remember, in her time, such an interview with Jones.’ He unburdened his heart thereof, to a running comment from Jacob, of short laughs, significant sniffs, and vehement spadeful of earth tossed up from the grave.

‘Well, sir, Jones!—I wonders, that I do, he ain’t ashamed to grind you down! Wi’ his Pheasants’ Meal, an’ all! Why, Mr. Thurlcote’s a fortune to him i’ that alone—an’ have got him a connection i’ Scotland.’

‘Mr. Thurlcote’s pheasants don’t lose by the bad times, then,’ remarked the old parson, ruminatively. ‘Nevertheless, debt is a sore disgrace, Jacob. Poor Brown, of the Glebe Farm, owes me something; but he has had terrible drawbacks. I was building upon another little sum——’

He paused abruptly. Mr. Thurlcote must not be exposed.

‘Us all knows you’d pay the bank away, if you had it, sir. But this I can’t make nought on; why don’t the Church make provision for the like o’ you, now as tithe be fallen, an’ the glebes that hard to let? I thought the Church were rich, now?—The Levites, they was seen to, an’ married men, an’ all. Why be our Christian parsons worse off nor Levites? Couldn’t nothing be done to make a new division, so as marryin’, an’ such, could be left to their own selves an’ God Almighty? Meaning no harm, sir! but the natures Him made ’ull hold their own, I takes it, clacket tongues as they may. I were reading, a while back, as the Churchpeople o’ this land, come to reckon ’em all, gentry an’ what not, has six hundred million o’ pounds a year among ’em! Six hundred million! An’ you, sir, crippled all the time—when a extra fifty, paid regular, ’ud keep you straight. An’ thousands

collected, perpetual, for grand Church buildings—an' jewels i' copes an' staves! I can't make nought on it.'

'Never mind, Jacob. I forgot to tell you that my Cambridge boy has won another scholarship. And Fred, in the architect's office, has got a rise; my children are all provided for. Fred expects to help me soon; though, please God, I won't rob him. But I have much cause for thankfulness—much, much, Jacob.'

The temporary cloud had rolled from the patient countenance. He took his stick and walked slowly up and down, meditating an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm.

IV.

ROSIE absent, there was no particular reason for punctuality at meals. Mrs. Tippetts, indeed, stewed a potation every morning, and conveyed the same, in a teapot, with bread and, at first, butter, to the breakfast room. The butter finished, she proposed a fresh supply; but, the old parson replying that he should not require butter for a week or so, she recognised a symptom of 'the bile'—to which she herself was addicted: and dropped the subject. He 'dined out, somewhere, most days,' Mrs. Tippetts concluded; since, greatly to her satisfaction, she found 'scarce any washing-up,' and no demand for her limited culinary powers; although, daily, before departure, she prepared a few potatoes for boiling.

Once or twice he bought a tin of corned meat, which lasted, she thought, miraculously. But the bile did affect the appetite! and he supped on bread and milk, as revealed by subsequent traces in a basin. So Mrs. Tippetts ceased from questioning, vocal or mental, and automatically fulfilled her hour, pocketing, with inarticulate satisfaction, two shillings at the end of each week. Rosie, to whom her father wrote cheerful letters, had postponed her return to July.

'Merry May' had this year reclaimed her character. Hyacinths and tulips flowered gloriously. Near the entrance gate were bushy lilacs, 'Whitsun bosses,' and laburnum; then came June, and syringa reigned. The old parson noted these changes with silent gladness. The blossoms, all in turn, were as conscious friends to him. His working hours past, he revelled in the stillness and sweetness, in the music of clear-throated birds, and the soft vicissitudes of the sky.

He was constantly in the parish. The parish was nine miles long and six miles broad, with twelve hundred—from his point of

view—immortal souls, scattered in thatched cottages and gabled farms, among fields and lanes. Every morning he taught in the schools. Afterwards there were sick to be visited, sinners to be admonished, wanderers to be sought, mourners—peevish or prostrate—to be consoled. He had also to uphold the Church at a School Board election. For his meek self he would willingly have subsided; but for the Church he fought and canvassed with the energy of youth; and came out, in the end, triumphant, heading the poll.

The tinned meat, when he returned from this victory, seemed hardly so supporting as, after his great exertions, he could desire; but all night, between dozing and waking, his favourite words, '*Goodness and Mercy*,' rang in his ears. His debts, then, had not so greatly injured the Cause! If he could just battle on till he got a promised 5*l.* from the Glebe, with Mr. Thurlcote's 16*l.*, he would conquer.

Mrs. Tippetts's weekly florin was a sore tax. Yet how avaricious to grudge it! He presented her with his third flannel shirt in amends for that secret reluctance. Two shirts were ample for any man! and Mrs. Tippetts was rheumatic. He craved forgiveness from Above for his hard heart. His potatoes were plentiful; and his daily pint of skimmed milk was very cheap.

Just at this time he recalled a tale of his boyhood—about Red Indians and hunger. A belt drawn tightly round the waist! To be sure. Here was an old belt of Rosie's, easily lengthened by a still older pair of braces. He was bound in tightly enough, now. Perhaps to-night that gnawing sensation—— He would try sleeping in the belt!

The bank manager might allow him to overdraw. But he had overdrawn, once before. He remembered the ensuing intricacies. Only that fortunate legacy had delivered him and his from utter ruin. He hurled the thought back as a temptation.

What had that teetotal lecturer said about the sustenance in water? Thank God for his good well! Every other day might suffice for milk—at present. He had grown really self-indulgent. Rations of wholesome bread—and those first-rate potatoes—and this cold, delicious water! What more could a man need?

The tea-chest being empty, he told Mrs. Tippetts that he would give up tea, for a time. Mrs. Tippetts, thus escaping a pilgrimage to 'the shop,' curtsied thankfully, innocent of surmise. In these days the old parson, after his school work, would

stroll to meet the post. He would open his letters, too, expectantly, with a trembling hand: seeking that which never came.

He felt very peaceful now, notwithstanding, when he went home in the evenings. Scents of hay already stole through the air. Sweet thrushes sang in the elms. He was less hungry than before; the belt treatment had certainly virtue! Moreover, he owed not one farthing. His stock of coal was low, but, since he left off tea, he had saved fire. His head seemed clearer than for months past. He lingered in his favourite paths, until the moon came out, and that faint, delicate star beyond the nave, which his wife had watched for and loved. How fragrant the syringa was, on these silent nights! And he could hear the sheep browsing in the fields.

'*Eat grass*,' the French Marquis had said. Well, perhaps grass was scarcely to be despised! And the white stocks were flowering—and the sweet-peas—and Rosie's pansies. 'How thankfully many a London curate would change places with me! I was always ungrateful. . . . Is that a palace, touching the clouds? A few within—a multitude, toiling, yet starving, without. The walls are one sparkle of gems—opaque, dazzling—the feasters cannot see the toilers. I am coming—I will bring help. . . . What did Rosie tell me about that smart marriage? Six hundred pounds in flowers! . . . Marriage? Which of the papers—some Church paper—had an article upon "The Matrimonial Market and Poor Parsons"? . . . But my only love and I knew nothing of markets! . . . My brain is wandering. I cannot be ill—I cannot afford to be ill.—Oh, it is nothing! There are the church and the sky—quite calm; the palace is gone. I must have fallen asleep as I walked! I am overtired. Bed is better than the belt even. Thank God for my good bed!'

Such feverish evenings were not unfrequent with him. He awoke as usual—placid and patient, albeit a little weaker—next day.

Upon one of these days, he discovered an old man watching, in tears, at a cottage door.

'Oh, sir! I were praying God A'mighty to send yer! The Board 'a stopped my relief. Says I mun go in the 'Ouse.—Sir, I'll hang me first! Fifty-five years I 'a worked an' paid my rates.—But they'll hearken to you, sir, if you'll please to drop 'em a line?'

'And how will you live this next week?'

'My relief were eighteen pence, sir.'

The old vicar felt in his pockets. He found four coins : two sixpences and two shillings.

'There, Jarvis! we will go shares. Now we are even. You have eighteen pence, and so have I.'

'God reward you, sir.'—The parson was jesting, of course.—
'And you'll drop 'em a line?'

'To be sure I will. But, Jarvis, remember! if the worst came to the worst—there is but a step from the sorrowful "House" here to our Father's House of many mansions.'

The old man, feeble and shaken, wept afresh. The parson blessed him, and went straight home to write to the Board.

V.

THAT night—Saturday night—the weather changed. In the morning the church windows were beaten by rain. The small congregation thought that their vicar had caught cold. His cheeks were redder than their wont; his voice was hoarse.

'You mind!' said Jacob, looking after him, 'We shall ne'er get his like. Ne'er again.'

'Taking all together, from first to last, I don't know as we shall,' remarked Jones.

In the afternoon he left a basket at the vicarage door: piled with eggs and peas, and a fat chicken ready for table.

'I thought, may be, you might fancy 'em, sir, coming unexpected. You don't look over well,' said Jones.

The goodwill, from this special quarter, cheered the old parson. The rain was over; the gray nave was full. In the pulpit his strength revived. He preached upon the twenty-third Psalm.

'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever.'

These were his closing words. He looked down upon his people, and smiled, and waved his hands.

'Farewell!' he said. 'The Lord bless you, my beloved, and keep you!'

They could not have told why sudden tears came to many eyes. But they gazed at that familiar, white-haired form, as at a vision.

'Sir, I can't feel easy to leave you,' said Jacob. 'What be that slut, Bridget, about, stopping away? You must let me go with you, sir, and see to you.'

'Come in, Jacob, come in,' returned the parson. He looked

back from his doorway to the departing congregation ; and again he waved his hand.

Then he passed for the last time into the Vicarage ; and they saw him no more.

‘Can you tell me where to find a drop o’ brandy, sir?’

‘There is no brandy in the house, Jacob. I want nothing but rest. I shall be all right when I have rested.’

He sat down in the study, in his armchair. Jacob repaired to the larder.

There, upon two plates, lay two quarters of a half quartern loaf; the old parson’s allowances for to-night and to-morrow morning. Close by, stood a cup of blue milk, and an attenuated oblong of tinned meat. A rind of cheese was visible in a far corner. This was all. Jones’s full basket had been left on the kitchen table.

‘Sir!’ exclaimed Jacob, returning. ‘Here’s a pretty pass for want o’ being seen to! By your leave, I’ll run up to my missis. She’ll make you comfortable, and bring some tea and that.’

The old parson smiled, rising from his chair.

‘Did I hear the postman?’ he said. ‘I must go to the door. I certainly heard the postman.’

‘Why, sir! ’tis Sunday evening! There’ll be no postman, this side to-morrow.’

‘Of course!’ He seemed entirely himself again. ‘My brain must be softening.—The fact is, I’m expecting a cheque. Ready-money, Jacob! that’s of the first importance. Bring up your sons to it. Ready-money regularly, when you’ve got it; and when you’ve not, go without.’

‘Now rest quiet, sir. Oh, my dear old parson! I beg of you, rest quiet.’

‘I will, Jacob. Don’t distress yourself. Sit down by me.—Sixteen pounds. When the sixteen pounds come, I can buy tea and I don’t know what!—Why, it’s a fortune, Jacob. Only the postman is rather late.—Jacob, how long have I been vicar of this parish?’

‘Thirty year, sir; and a good vicar always. A downright good vicar as ever were.’

‘You’re sure?’ He stood up again. ‘Thirty years, giving my life for the sheep. And this is the end! Not such a Life as His! But still, in its degree, glad, glad, to give it. And this is the end!’ Stooping, he looked wildly into the clerk’s startled face: ‘I’m starved out, Jacob. Starved Out.’

Jacob, silent from fear, gently forced him back to his chair. The momentary excitement gone, he lay exhausted.

‘Rosie will be married in August,’ he murmured dreamily; ‘She shall have the sixteen pounds for her clothes. The furniture and books can be sold for dilapidations—and the glebe-rent will buy the coffin.—You’ll see, Jacob, that old Charles isn’t drunk? He’d had too much when we buried Thomas’s little lass. I trust it to you. You were faithful—always faithful.’

‘Sir! sir! My dear master!’ sobbed Jacob, on his knees.

The old parson looked up, and smiled.

‘Jacob!’ he said, ‘It was a lie!—The End? How came I to call it the End?’

Then, gathering all his strength:

‘Oh, Christ!’ he cried, ‘Revive Thy Church—Thy spiritual Church!’

And in that cry he passed.

E. CHILTON.

A Country Gentleman of the Seventeenth Century.

(FROM THE VERNEY MSS.)

IN the heart of rural Bedfordshire, a mile or two to the south of the picturesque straggling village of Potton, lies Sutton Park, the home of the Burgoynes. Its undulating grass slopes are broken by fine clumps of old trees, and a lime avenue with intertwined branches meeting overhead leads from the broad high road to the present mansion.

A deep foss can still be traced, enclosing about an acre of ground, known as John of Gaunt's Mound, in which two skeletons were lately found. 'John of Gaunt's House,' which sheltered so many generations of Burgoynes, stood between this mound and the church footpath, until it was pulled down by Sir Roger Burgoyne, the subject of the present sketch. The second house, begun by him in 1665, was destroyed by fire in 1827. The present house, built by Sir John Montague Burgoyne in 1859-60, on rather higher ground, is full of interesting memorials, though but for the accident that his ancestors' letters have been preserved at Claydon, little would be known of the Burgoynes who served in the Long Parliament, and took the popular side in the Civil War. Some of the pictures were saved from the fire by that which to others has proved a death warrant—they had been sent away to be cleaned. Many relics are preserved of the later history of the family, down to the memorable night in September 1870, when the present Sir John Burgoyne gallantly came to the rescue of the Empress Eugénie, in her flight from the Tuileries after the surrender of Sedan, and brought her safely across in his yacht from Deauville to Ryde in a gale of wind. Further south, where the gale had become a terrible storm,

another Burgoyne, on that same night, in command of H.M.S. *Captain*, met death with cheerful courage in his country's service.

In a corner of the park, bounded by a shady cross-country lane, stand the beautiful old church of Sutton and the picturesque gabled rectory house, in which Stillingfleet lived and wrote. Here a later rector brought 'a curious and vexatious' action against the Sir Roger Burgoyne of his day, a distinguished cavalry officer, for not attending service for more than twelve months in his parish church. Two or three acacias, with gnarled and venerable stems, overshadow the lawn, which adjoins the churchyard; and peace and silence only too profound brood over the old rectory now. Both church and rectory have escaped the profane hand of the restorer. The north aisle of the church is filled with Burgoyne memorials in marble, in brass, or in stained window; and a drooping Union Jack, with a boat-hook for its staff, are pathetic relics of the *Captain*, presented to Sir John Burgoyne by the Admiralty.

There, linking the generations each to each, is the great square family pew, untouched since the days when the two devout Puritan gentlemen, Sir John and Sir Roger, worshipped there together amidst children and grandchildren. Opposite to them, on the south side of the nave, rose the massive black oak pulpit whence Stillingfleet delivered discourses as solid, to a patient and admiring congregation. Behind them was the fine Jacobean monument, erected by the older of the two men, to the memory of the John Burgoyne of Elizabeth's reign. The paint and gilding on the carved stone have grown dim but not less beautiful with age, and time has only added to the peace and repose of the recumbent figure, with his long dignified Latin epitaph, and the scrap of doggerel verse below for the edification of the vulgar—

Here sleeps the body of an aged Wight
Whose Heart was set on Bounty, Peace, and Right.

As time went on the family pew was further invaded by the heavy monuments of the worthy Sir Roger himself, his wife, his son Sir John, and his wife Constance Lucy of Charlecote; each furnished with a pair of the stout ugly cherubs, shedding marble tears, who were wont to bewail the dead after the Restoration.

The Burgoyne annals are an epitome of the history of their country. They were landowners in Bedfordshire and Cambridge-shire, and prominent men in public life from the time of King

John onwards; conspicuous as soldiers, sailors, and politicians, with one variant from the family type in the form of a successful dramatic author.

The Cambridgeshire Burgoynes have been long extinct; to their Bedfordshire cousins, John of Gaunt was said to have granted the estate of 'Sutton, Potton, and Potton-much-Manured,' which they still in part possess. The lands and the Nunnery of Wroxall in Warwickshire were given by Henry VIII. to Robert Burgoyne, a Commissioner for the suppression of the monasteries. He converted the old nunnery into an eminently picturesque dwelling-house, and in later years Sir Roger loved to keep up the old traditions of hospitality attached to the Priory, and to speak of his wife as 'the Lady Abbatesse of Wroxall.'

The Warwickshire Burgoynes served as sheriffs and knights of the shire in their county, just as their cousins did in Bedfordshire, until the death of John Burgoyne as a bachelor in 1604 (the 'aged Wight' of the monument) united both estates. In such beautiful homes, and amid noble family traditions of public service and private worth, young Roger Burgoyne grew up to man's estate. Born in the early years of that stirring seventeenth century, he was deeply imbued with religious principles, with the love of his country and of his county, and the desire to serve both as his forefathers had done before him. Sir John Burgoyne was made a baronet by Charles I., and Sir Roger was knighted young; his election to the Long Parliament brought him into public life at the age of twenty-two, in one of the most interesting moments of the political history of England. About the same time he married Anne, daughter and heiress of Charles Snelling, to whom he was tenderly attached; and Sir John gave up to him Wroxall Priory, where the young couple made their home. In 1642 Lord Compton vacated his seat for Warwickshire, on the death of his father the Earl of Northampton, and Sir John Burgoyne was elected in his place; so that, like their friends and neighbours Sir Thomas and Richard Lucy, and Sir Edmund and Sir Ralph Verney, father and son sat together in the House during some momentous years. The younger members became fast friends, and voted with Pym and Hampden. These friendships resulted in a marriage between the Burgoynes and Lucys in the next generation, and an intimate correspondence carried on to the close of his life by Sir Roger with Sir Ralph Verney.

Sir John and his son were on the best of terms, and were not torn asunder, as the Verneys were, by political differences.

After the dissolution of the Long Parliament it does not appear that Sir John served again. A letter of his to Sir Ralph, written in September 1643, gives the impression of liveliness and good nature. 'Sir,' he begins, 'As we were enteringe upon a quarrell with a ribb of rost beife, our short swords (in English called our knives) beinge drawne for the encounter, your letter was delivered to mee.' Sir Roger's broad, open, genial face, as shown in his portrait at Claydon, with sanguine complexion and fair hair, belongs to a good English type of brave, simple, healthy, plain-dealing country gentlemen. With little imagination or originality, he was not troubled, as Sir Ralph was, by seeing both sides of a question; he could thoroughly believe in his party and his cause, and could sleep in peace after voting with the majority.

The soul of truth himself, he had no patience with the King's double-dealing, but Cromwell's self-reliance and definiteness of purpose called forth his hearty allegiance. He may have been somewhat slow-witted, but his own estimate of his character and attainments was a much humbler one than any which his friends formed of them. He had the capacity of an unselfish nature for generous admiration, he held Sir Ralph in unbounded esteem, and worshipped Dame Mary Verney with the reverence and devotion felt for her by all her husband's friends.

A kind landlord, and a man of good common sense in business, he was a painstaking and diligent member. Without eloquence or ambition, and with an honourable incapacity for political intrigue, he had less influence in the House of Commons than many an inferior man whose vote could not be so confidently relied upon.

The imprisonment of his friend Sir Ralph Verney in 1655, while innocent of any complicity in the Royalist plots, was a great sorrow to Sir Roger, and with an Englishman's horror of military dictation, the establishment of the rule of the Major-Generals seems to have shaken his trust in Cromwell, and he viewed the Restoration with indifference rather than with dislike. During the intervals of his political life he devoted himself so earnestly to gardening and farming as to earn from the caustic Doctor Denton the title of Sir Hodge Burgoyne, not unsuited to his somewhat homely features and heavy frame. The quality which most endeared him to his friends was his steadfastness—he was a man to lean upon. In the Verney cipher correspondence he is Mr. Good, and 'Trusty Roger' seemed his natural and rightful designation.

The first letter that has been preserved of a correspondence

extending over more than thirty years is one written by Sir Roger from Clapham (June 9, 1643), which carries us back to the time when Endymion Porter was doing his best to sell or convey away the King's plate :—

'Sir,—The last night Mr. Curtines house, upon an information of a perfidious servant, was searched for plate which Mr. Endimion Porter had entrusted him with, but as Mr. Curtin affirms was delivered to him by Mr. Porter in consideration of a debt which he owed him : the boxes are to be opened this morning, and my Lady Katherine desired me to be present at the opening of them, by reason of which I shall be detained at Clapham this day, and therefore cannot serve my friende according to my desire and promise ; so this makes way for a request that you will please once more to oblige me by a favo^r which is to procure a ticket for my father Charles Snelling, from close Com^{tee} for the safety of his horse and his liberty of going through the guardes freely for to take the aire at any time in respect of his inability for to walke ; the like favo^r is requested for my brother Edward Cater for his horse. I would not have bin so uncivill as to have troubled you in this, but that I feare theire horses will be surprised on a sudden, for my brother Mayne's horses were taken away yesterday.'

He writes after the battle of Newbury :—

'Sept. 25, 1643.

'Last Sunday there was a thanksgiving for the Victory and deliverance, that we had, and as I heare, the like done at Oxford for the Victory they had. I say nothing to either, but I pray God forgive them that mock him for one side must. The newes that goes most current amongst us, is that Prince Rupert's witch is slaine.'

The name of John Milton (possibly a relation of the poet's) occurs as doing business for the Burgoynes and sometimes for the Verneys, his signature as witness to a deed exists, of November 1645. Mary Verney writes (January 14, 1647) that Mr. Milton expected money from her when he took his leave, 'because he was going downe into the country with his nue master, which his old one has preferred him to. Now being upon the Bedd, and haveing at that time company with me . . . I gave him nothing, which I find by wordes he spake to my mayde he took very ill.'

In the spring of 1648 Sir Roger's mother was taken ill, and he nursed her with the utmost devotion, not stirring out of her chamber, we are told, nor going out of doors above once in a fortnight, 'truly he looks very ill and is sadd.' For another fortnight the watching continued, and then the good son wrote to his friend to announce his mother's death :—

'It hath pleased God to make a very sad breach in our poore family by removing from it one of the cheifest pillares that upheld it. The enjoyment of her sweet company and converse I could never esteeme otherwise then the prime of my sublunary contentments.'

Jane, Lady Burgoyne, was the daughter and heiress of William Kempe, of Spain's Hall, in Finchingfield, Essex. She had three sons—Roger, John, and Robert—and four daughters.

The news of Mary Verney's death in 1650 came upon Sir Roger as a great and unexpected blow. He was not a lengthy correspondent—his neatly-written epistles rarely cover a single page of small paper—but on this occasion his deep sympathy with Sir Ralph found vent in a long letter :—

'May 30, 1650.

'My deare heart,—Sad newes will easily finde a passport for its conveyance, and now could I weepe a letter to thee, (my eyes and heart being fuller than my pen or Inkhorne) for the loss of so deare a comfort thou too much sufferest under. . . . But my deare recollect thyself and let thy sorrowe and teares be drowned in those rivers of pleasure shee now enjoyes ; and let the strength of thy affection to her swell to a sattisfaction and contentment in thy owne loss, because of that inconceivable gain shee hath at length attained to. We have indeed reason to weepe and lament but not so much for her as for our selves, not for her that hath, but for ourselves that are to shoot that gulfes ; what miseries is she freed from, which yet we are to runn the hazard of at least, if not to undergoe. Lets acquaint ourselves a little better with death, which our fancies are apt to put so terrible a vizard on ; why should we be such straingers to that which the bells do daily tell us of, nay which we see and heare of every day. Death is continually in the pott, not a bone we pick but presents mortality to our eyes, and though it be so coñon, we dare not enter into converse with it at any distance ; shee is so terrible to us that a little ayre but formed into her name, like the wind of Canons layes us flat on our faces. Those things that are worse than death, we can play away the memory of ; we can endure the

gout, the stone, (I can say for one of them myself, the racke of nature) we can endure phisitions who winde up the rack higher, we suffer them to discourse our disease, their symtomes, causes, cures all over, we can abide their potions, plaisters and other tortures with the patience of Martyrs, but to name Death this turnes our blood and makes us ready to do the discourse we heare of. Sir this is yet too generall, we can endure to die for one night, we can shake hands with our selves till next morning, and can be content to call our bed our grave, our sleep our death; nay, we can bury ourselves alive in melancholly, but to do this in good earnest this alas! is terrible, and above the power of nature to undergoe, not only our selves, but also our best friends, we are able to part with, and beare theire absence to the very Indies. We can trust them amongst Turkes and infidles (which are imitation of death and hell to boote) but to heare they are dead in truth, and that all their stormes are at an end and blowne over, this makes us subject to an unreasonable sorrow. My deare I am very full and could inlarge my self beyond the compass of a literall discourse, I wish I were in thy armes and might pouer my selfe into thy bosom. I assure thee thou should'st meet with no less love then that of Jonathon to David.'

The following letter announces the birth of Sir Roger's second son, John, who eventually succeeded him :—

'May 21, 1651.

'I have nothing to say to you but to tell you that I am so much yours and some body's else that at the present I am not my selfe, my wife hath brought me forth another boy upon whom the name of the 4th Evangelist is bestowed and I trust he may prove a preacher if the world continues at the same rate as it is now till he comes to the age of 14 or 15, which now is sufficient to render him capable of such divine employments. But in good earnest the little one came such a starveling into the world that I am in some fears it may not continue longe heer unless God shall please most miraculously to feed it with some kind of Mannah from heaven, for we are absolutely destitute of a nurse our owne having deceived us.'

Constant visits were exchanged between Wroxall and Claydon; both men were building, repairing, and planting, and Sir Roger had such an opinion of his friend's taste and good judgment that he could not bear to build a wall, or plant a tree, or even to choose a waistcoat or a bed-curtain without his approval.

Sir Roger spent part of that summer with Sir John Burgoyne, and writes from Sutton :—

'June 13, 1653.

'Meethinks I am allready a Countryman and shall shortly think it a sin not to be a Clowne. I have allmost attained the language, and begin to think it that of Paradise. My converse hath bin most amongst sheepshearers, who have sufficiently fleeced me, that I feare I may shortly become a bellweather. If you will take notice of the prizes of corne and the severall viands which our Country affordes, let me but know it, and you shall have it, for the knowledge of these things comes so fast upon me, that I shall soone burst if I do not vent . . . but I must not be too rough with you at the first and scratch you too much with my hobnails.'

He is still full of his new zeal for farming *versus* politics after his return home :—

'July 3, 1653.

'I am now plunged into the country and begin to take my selfe for a man of another world, for I am out of this allready. My conversation formerly hath bin among Christians, but now beasts, or people worse than they, are the best society I can meet with. I am now entering my selfe a schollar to learne new words of art, for the dialects of every County I pass through do so vary that each of them is a strainger to the other, and my selfe to them all; but I am resolved to improve my time to the best advantage, and get my selfe Master of the language before you come. I will not trouble you with the severall imployments I am now put upon, but if I make use of the rake one day the fork goes for't a week after. If I can but get a pound of wooll in the spending of a sheep, I think my selfe very well, though this must be well washt in to the bargain. This I must needs say for a Country life, that it is as devout as any, it puts us upon praying continually for faire weather or raine, and sometimes we can finde in our hearts to grumble because they come not both together. Sir, in good earnest I am at Wroxall, a place so rude and full of such disorders that my thoughts can resemble it to nothing better than the primitive chaos, and it is only your courteous looke and eye upon it, that can forme it in to a place of Contentment.'

He says they have so much dust that Sir Ralph may save his hair powder.

'Sir,—You are pleased to make my house a Maypole [Sir Roger writes in wrath when his friend had paid some visits in his

neighbourhood] and to daunce about it, but not to come neare it : but any excuse may serve an encloystered Monke, who is bound by the rules of Charity to put a faire construction upon all things.'

Sir Roger hopes he may spend 'the Vacation' at Wroxall, 'if not then looke to your selfe, the strongest walls you can build shall hardly protect you unless they have the Lord Protector's stamp upon them.' 'As for meeting of you at London,' he writes in April 1654, 'I shall not willingly court my selfe into new fetters, till such time as I have a call. . . . I conclude it safest to keepe to my Priorie wher I have leisure to pray for my friends.' 'I am now so hurried up and down with mending my house and making of hay,' he writes the next summer, 'that I can not without inconvenience stirr from home.'

No wonder that Sir Hodge Burgoyne did not want to be drawn into the vortex of the elections for Barebones Parliament.

'Having been put in nomination [he writes, July 17, 1654], our Election (as all others I suppose are) is now over; and what by faire meanes and foule, by myself and others, I got to be the fifth in respect of Number set down. Now my only feare is of an after-game; for some talk of voyding the Election; the Sheriff refusing hundreds that were ready to give their votes for the wronge; so that I must acknowledge him my friend. . . . Some of the Country are pleased to be discontented because I refused to stand and appeare, and report that I slight them . . . but more of this rudeness when I see you.'

Sir Ralph had promised Sir Roger his picture by Remy, and asks what costume he would prefer. 'As for couler and garbe,' he replies, 'I will leave wholly to yourselfe; let me but have Sir R. V. and it suffiseth; it matters me not whether in a shirt or not.' Sir Roger's own portrait had been painted by the same artist, and Sir Ralph had been consulted upon the drapery. 'I thank you for putting the crimson robe upon me, I will not now despaire of being a judge.'

The case of pictures reached Wroxall in February 1654. 'They cam very safe,' writes Sir Roger, 'and how proud both my wife and my selfe are of any thing that does but looke like Sir R. V. I will not undertake to tell you . . . and that which likes us most is, that it is most like you, and I pray think it not a complement if I tell you that I can hugg it with more delight, than any painted Lady in the Land.'

Their eldest boy was delicate, and a constant anxiety to his parents:—

‘July 18, ’53.

‘I can sooner tell you how we doe than what we doe. My boy Roger and my daughter Jane have had the Meazles: they have partly left him, but they now lye heavy upon hir.’

Their family consisted of four children—Roger, John, Jane, and Anne. The next year Lady Burgoyne was rejoicing in an addition to her nursery; it is pleasant to think that her husband read her out the pretty letter in which he announced the baby’s birth to his old friend:—

‘Wroxall, Nov. 13, ’54.

‘In my last I gave you a short accompt of trees and plants, now I can informe you of another tender plant that is come up in our garden. . . . You may call it now what you please—boy or girl—but to-morrow we intend to call it Mary; I am sure a name you will not dislike. My wife I hope has passt the worst and will now be gathering strength.’

But public anxieties could not be kept out of sick rooms, and to Lady Burgoyne’s ‘no small affliction’ her husband was summoned to London, apparently to be questioned about Royalist plots. He wrote to Sir Ralph from thence (December 7, 1654), having been taken ill in Fleet Street, and being much out of spirits:—

‘I could almost weep a letter to you and after that frett it to peices againe . . . to come so nigh happinesse and to miss of it, must needs heighten misery. . . . I left my wife and little one in so bad a condition that I shall be very bad company till I see them.’

By the winter of 1655–56 he has had nearly enough of agricultural labour; ‘the waies’ are almost impassable, and he longs for some cultivated society—‘These Country Boores doe so vex me with their hobnaile shoes that I wish this troublesome time over.’ But with the usual ingratitude of man he is in despair when he is elected once more to the House of Commons, and obliged, therefore, to spend the next winter in town; he writes to Sir Ralph from Osgoodby:—

‘September 1, ’56.

‘Sir,—I am now 15 myles beyond Yorke, and so have been this fortnight, and this day cam such unwellcome newes of an election at Warwick which does much disorder and afflict me.

This will hasten me out of the North, and my intentions are on Munday next to sett forth towards London directly, and my wife towards Wroxall, there to abide till such time as I can be provided for hir at London. . . . I think to ly at my brother John's at Hampsted.'

The official returns for the Parliament of 1656 are very incomplete; but it is evident from Sir Roger's letters that he sat in it as member for Warwickshire, and helped to throw out the Decimation Bill in January 1657, which was meant to confirm the rule of the Major-Generals.

His family continued to increase. He writes to Sir Ralph from Wroxall:—

'March 3, 1656.

'Sir,—Though I am allmost in as great hast as my wife was this morning, yet I must needs tell you, that another girle is fallen to my lott, this making a compleat mess¹ since I had a boy; but thanks be to God, shee is as well after it as I could expect, I pray let me receive the good newes of somebodies safe delivery from an inquisition.'

In April Sir Ralph receives an important commission from 'Sir Hodge':—

'If you continue yet in London, I shall though uncivilly add to your present trouble by requesting the favour from you as to contrive a suit and cloke for me against my comming up; being so ill provided at present that I cannot appeare there without a new one. The clothes I have now are grey, but for the couler; the cloth (for I will have no stuff) and trimming, I shall leave wholly to your phancy. Phancy it as for your self and let it be what it will it cannot but exceedingly please and oblige me. . . . I shall give order to my tailor to wait upon you and to receive your commands.'

Bright colours are being worn again in the Protector's court:—

'April 23, 1656.

'I am sorry the couler in fashion is so different from my present gravity [writes Sir Roger], I feare I shall not becom it. I would not be in the extremity of the Mode, I must be fitted not only for the Citty and the Summer, but also for the Country and the Winter.'

'Sir, your clothes attend you,' Sir Ralph replies, 'all but the

¹ 'Where are your mess of sons to back you now?'—*Henry VI.* Part 3, I. iv. 73.

very Trimming [of which he encloses patterns] which may bee well put on in 2 houres time, when you have made your choyce according to your own fancy.'

'Notwithstanding all these patterns,' writes Sir Roger, 'I shall wholly referr them to yourself, as for my tailor I never yet approved of his judgement in anything of that nature. Pray wave all thoughts of him, and only let him receive your commands, both for buttons, lining and all things else, and also for the fashion both of suit and cloak, for I am sure he will faile in one thing or other, if he receives not punctuall directions.'

The next month he is temporarily in want of money, and asks the loan of 20*l.* from Sir Ralph:—

'May 23, '56.

'If you do not help me, I am like to ly by the heeles, for the black bills come in so thick. . . . It shall be very suddenly repaid you, if not, let the decimators fall upon the bones of Sir, your humblest servant, R. B.'

But Sir Roger, like Sir Ralph, was not to be hindered in his improvements by mere want of cash:—

'May 31, 1656.

'When you meet with a Billiard table in your way, be pleased to take the perfect dimensions of it, for its a toy I much desire; and for a pott to be sett in the midst of my garden, I must crave your choice of one. . . . Pray procure me such a two foot rule as you have yourself.'

Sir Roger writes the next year:—

'August 30, '57.

'My billiard-table is now upon its leggs, and I have bought a lininge for it which I resolve very suddenly (by reason of the approach of winter) to bestow upon it.'

Lady Burgoyne was ailing again, and had been talking over her symptoms with Sir Ralph at Wroxall. 'The same day you went,' wrote her husband, '(as a sad consequence of your departure) proved very bad to my good wife, so that it put her upon a resolution for a D^r. We sent for D^r Phipps of Coventry, who stayed till the next day for to observe hir both in and out of hir fitte. He presently, as if he had before consulted with yourself, dissuades hir from milk as that which will rather increase than abate any kinde of heat.'

Sir John Burgoyne died that autumn, and was buried at

Sutton on October 9, 1657. Sir Roger writes from Wroxall on November 3 :—

'I am still under the lashes of the Almighty, who having first taken away my father hath now deprived me of my deare child, its death to me to mention it, I can doe no more . . . my child departed yesterday, and to-morrow I shall send the Cabbinnett of that pretious Jewell now with God, to that of its grandfather at Sutton. We ourselves intend to be at Sutton the next weeke, with our children, wher we shall leave them this winter, and so my wife my eldest daughter and myself shall hasten towards London, wher I hope to meet you; let me tell you that I have not only need of your advise, but of your comfortable refreshment in the midst of my troubles. . . . Excuse my confused scribble, its the first time I have laid a pen in my hand these many daies and it can doe no less than tremble.'

The winter in London proved to be a sad one, as Lady Burgoyne's health continued to decline, and in March 1658 she is pining to be at home, and 'Sir Roger much, very much afflicted.' 'I must refer you to the good Doctor [Denton],' he wrote, 'for a relation of my wife's most weake and my most sad condition . . . but tomorrow we are for the Country if God continue life and afford strength, nothing but this will sattisfy: the Lord direct and support us.' 'I doubt,' wrote Dr. Denton on the 31st, 'my Lady Burgoyne will not last longe. With much adoe she gott home, but the last 7 miles she was forst to be carried in a chayre which attended her all the way.' The painful journey with 'coach and sedan' lasted three days. 'Nothing would sattisfy hir but Sutton,' writes her husband; 'as for Doctors shee had done with them, as they had I thinke done with her, both as I believe being willing enough to part with each other. Heer she yet continues in a languishing condition, but with some trouble gets up every day, her chill fits follow hir more frequently than before . . . I can not tell you how great my sorrows are, and if I could I should forbear it.' He adds in a postscript: 'Though my wife resolves to take no more physick, yet I am sending to Cambridge for one to look upon hir: though shee desires to looke upon non of them.'

On April 10 Sir Roger writes :—

'Sir,—The dispensations of God towards me of late have been so sad that I tremble to relate them, yet I could not sattisfy myselfe till I had done it. It hath pleased God

within the space of fower daies to take away both root and branch. On Sunday last my daughter Betty, whom I never knew merrier then on the Thursday before, departed this life; whose death was never made known to hir mother, who on Thursday last, after a longe and sad time of languishment, was eased of all hir sorrowes and wearisome howers, of which shee so much complained, and is now at rest with him who is the Center of all rest.'

Sir Roger, after the death of his wife and child, went to 'the Spaw at Narsbrook to drink the waters,' 'his sad thoughts too often coming like a torrent upon him.' He went to Holland in the autumn, but he writes 'thorow out my travvaile hitherto, never was any poore soule more unresolved. I am now going God knows whither, for I doe not, I am weary of all places, and of my self too, for that high discomposure that has so longe been upon me still plaies the tyrant: the L^d fitt me for his pleasure. I have returned my man and my boy back to England: to which place, unlesse it be those deare pledges of that dearer soule that's gon, no creature living could be a stronger attractive then your selfe.'

But the political crisis following upon Richard Cromwell's downfall roused Sir Roger once more, like an old war-horse, to join the fray. The irresolution of which he complained when travelling '*pour promener ses chagrins*' ceased at once when he got back to Westminster, and his almost daily letters to Sir Ralph show how keenly he watched all the changes of that troubled time. His sympathies were still with the Parliament, he wished for the return of the secluded members, and for moderate and conciliatory measures; but he distrusted Monk. 'What he will do to answer the expectation of all parties I am to seek, though very many may be deceived—I shall be none of them.'

There is a break in the correspondence during the summer of 1660, and when Trusty Roger reappears in November, he is married again, to Anne Robinson, of Dighton, Yorkshire, and is reconciled to the powers that be. The second Anne Burgoyne made Sir Roger extremely happy during the remaining seventeen years of his life; and rejoicing once more in the home affection his kindly nature so much needed, he revolved in his mind an ambitious scheme, which was nothing less than the demolition and the rebuilding of the old family house of Sutton.

For the present the only thorn in his foot was the prospect of being made High Sheriff; Sir Roger applied to friends in high places to get 'an Exemption' made in his favour; but the Lord

Chancellor said that he would 'doe well not to trouble the King with it for hee would stopp it, though the Kinge granted it, for hee would not, during his time let such a businesse passe, but he sayd hee would prevent his being Sheriffe while hee had power.' The evil day was delayed but not averted, and in January 1662 Sir Roger is preparing sumptuous attire for himself and his javelin men.

'Jan. 12, 1662.

'I have looked over the patterns of lace you sent [he writes to Sir Ralph], and observe the best to be dearest. . . . I have had some dreames or phancies come into my head of late about my Liveries . . . it is to have Coates in stead of Cloakes, which though unusuall mee thinks should be full as gentile, if they were but well ordered with buttons without lace, and so less cloth will serve: but lett this pass. . . .'

'Feb. 24, 1662.

'If the sword be not bought [he writes again] I had much rather have one according to the mode, and the rather because a black one is more agreeable to my phancy. . . . I hope you have given my tailor full directions about the belt for I can by no meanes trust to his judgment. As for the saddle you mention I am very much obliged to your self for borrowing and to Sir Rich: Temple for lending it, if he knowes for whom it is: but my feare is that I shall not become a saddle of that worth, if it belongs to him as Kt. of the Bath and I question whether I may have it for both Assises. . . . As for the horse I have at Sutton, I feare he will be too high for a low fellow to gett upon; if so I shall be bold to send for yours, I am unwilling to look like a Jackanapes on horseback. . . . You mention topps to be laced, which I suppose are to be worn upon my leggs, if so I feare ther will be so much topp as there will be but little bottom to be seen. My leggs all are short enough in conscience allready, and if the fashion must needs make them shorter, I must strutt it out as well as I can.'

He is inquiring where he can conveniently entertain the judge. He tells Sir Ralph 'of the most unreasonable demands that are made by those of Bedford . . . it startles me having never heard of the like before . . . the mischeife is that there is no other house, as they say receptious enough.'

'Att the high Sherrifes table 12 men everie meale at 3^s 6^d p: man.

'At the Liverie table 2^s p: man everie meale.

'What Day the Judges dine with the high Sherriffes at their table 50 men at 6^s p : man.

'The under Sherriffes table 2 men at 3^s 6^d p : man.

'The Clargie table 30 men at 3^s 6^d [p :] man.

'The graund Jurie at 3^s p : man.

'as many as shall come to any of their tables above the numbare to be pay-de ffor according to the several Rates above mentened.

'30^s a hogshead ffor the Best beere.

'20^s ffor the second sort of beere.

'he findes no beere to the table during the assises.

'he demans 10^s to every venison pasty and yet the Sheriff to find venison.

'The Sheriffe to finde westphalia bakon, sturgeon and neates tongues.

'The Sheriff to have cellers for wine and beere and lodging for groomes, coathmen boteler and him that keeps the wine cellar but the Sheriff to provide for himselfe elsewhere.

'the horses at 8^d a night hay and 2^s 8^d a bushel oates.

'If these propositions like not then ffor 20[£] the Sherriffe is offered the use of the house with linnen peuter Brase and all other things needfull.'

It is not merely a question of expense, for 'the sheriffs agree not together' about an Act regulating the relations between them and the judges. 'The Sheriff heer at Warwick,' Sir Roger writes, 'hath ordered a present to be ready. Judge Brown I heare is of your minde, that the Act is now in force. Twisden is so touchie a person, that I am the more concerned for it, and if nothing be provided for him publiquely or privately its to be feared I may suffer : pray let me have your ultimate thoughts about it . . . for I am like to have the Judges company on Satturday.'

Sir Roger is still uncertain 'whether the sheriff be not to provide sturgeon, venison, wine,' &c., but at the close of the summer assizes (July 14, 1662), he longs to tell his friend 'what a civill, mild, oblieging Judge I had, and how I order'd him ; how much he was mine at parting, because of my faithfull obedience to the law statute.' So all ended well.

Sir Roger was much happier in the adornment of his house than in that of his portly person ; and space fails us to tell of the many letters that passed between the friends as to the cross-stitch, and embroidery for beds and couches, the beds that had to

content themselves with knobs, and the more majestic four-posters that were crested with feathers; the single beds which, being two in a room, were to be 'both of a livery,' and the silver warming-pan and pots which Sir Ralph on occasion was asked to borrow from 'Sir P. his neighbour.'

The bills from the draper, the tailor, the upholsterer, and the embroiderer were very heavy, and Lady Burgoyne makes a gentle protest when the 'fringe-man is a little too nimble,' and 'the great fringe' and tassels seem to exceed every reasonable estimate; but on the whole the furnishing, as well as the building and planting, is left to the master of the house. The wife has enough to do in her own domain; it was a happy and well-ordered household where Anne Burgoyne reigned, and the old nursery is being rapidly filled a second time. She has a little Roger now, 'called by the very worst of names,' the husband declared, 'as it was my wife's pleasure to cross me'; Judith has to be put under a surgeon's wife for 'rectifying of a body that inclines too much to one side'—and she has a mother's usual cares about the children's health and their education. But it is a pleasant picture that remains with us, as we see Sir Roger gently sinking into old age. He calls himself a 'tattered Vessel now, which must not expect to be in its gallantry till the spring appears;' but he lives among his own people, who love and respect him. His son is taking up his work as a landowner and a member of Parliament, and 'Trusty Roger,' if he is not free from the infirmities of advancing years, has long ago sought and found the true 'Centre of all Rest.'

MARGARET M. VERNEY.

He and She.

HE lived at No. 12 Woodman Street, Chelsea. *She* lived at No. 13. For ten years they had been opposite neighbours, each occupying the drawing-room apartments. *She* had taken up her abode there six weeks after *He* was installed, and in a dull uninterested way he had watched the unloading of the cab, the taking in of the luggage, the bustling to and fro of the small slim woman whose face he got a very imperfect glance at. *She* looked about thirty, not that *He* cared whether she was twenty or seventy. His heart just then was heavy and sore; he had lost the one relation he had left, the only being in the world he cared for—his old mother—and in place of home and her he was simply now 'the drawing-room lodger.'

For some time after her arrival, *She* rather annoyed him by standing at her window, looking straight in front of her, which meant looking into his room, and he got into the habit of calling her Miss Pry, and it quite amused him to devise plans for baffling her curiosity. When, as he supposed, she found it impossible to satisfy herself and turned away, he would seek a position where he could get sight of her, and it was thus he discovered that that something, she bent over and hugged to her, was a black kitten, and his eyes involuntarily glanced to an empty cage in which, a few weeks before, his mother's old canary had moped and died, and somehow he could not see the opposite house so clearly.

He left his lodgings to go to the City, where the Insurance office was in which he was a clerk, every morning at twenty minutes to nine; this gave him time to walk to Charing Cross, where he took an omnibus for the rest of the way, and *She*, after some months noting this fact, began to say to her cat, 'It's time you had your milk, Totty, and I got ready. There goes Mr. Punctual over the way.'

She never saw him return, because the hours at her situation

were longer than his. She was typist to a wholesale firm in Bedford Street, and it was generally five, often six, o'clock before she had finished her pile of letters. But she was in no hurry to get back—she did not say 'to get home,' for the sound of that word still choked her—and when *He* had noticed her looking through the window-panes, playing, as he thought, the spy on him, her blurred eyes saw nothing but a picture, from memory, of a cosy room in a country rectory, with father and mother and Tom and Anne, all now dead and gone, and she left alone to struggle as best she could to get her own living.

And so years went on, with all the joys, and sorrows, and changes they bring; but chance opportunity, and fortune, whether good or bad, seemed to have forgotten and passed over the two occupants of 12 and 13 Woodman Street: the dull routine of their daily lives went on exactly the same.

Stay, though; there was one small difference. Although they had never exchanged a word, or given a look without the width of the road being between them, they took a kindlier interest, and in a way occupied themselves with one another in a far more friendly manner than either had the slightest suspicion of.

They still kept for each other the names of Mr. Punctual and Miss Pry, and gradually *He* kept count of the hour at which *She* returned, by watching for her gas to be lighted. 'They take advantage of her being a woman, and keep her too late,' he would say; and this leading him to wonder what her occupation could be, he one day ventured to put the question to his landlady, Miss Bates, when she brought up his tea.

Notwithstanding Miss Bates's firmly grounded prejudice against female lodgers, who didn't have their proper dinners out, and so wanted all sorts of fiddle-faddles cooked with their teas, she showed her sense of justice by opining that the young person was respectably conducted, inasmuch as she 'never saw nothing blameworthy in her'; but so far as she could make out, her occupation wasn't millinery, or music lessons, or anything of that sort—genteel—which wouldn't trouble the Jenkins's, for anybody particular would be very out of place in that house.

She too had made her effort at discovery, and had said casually to the domestic drudge, 'Do you know the name of the gentleman in the drawing-room opposite, Lizzie?'

'What! he as lives with th' old cat Bates? No, nor I don't want to neither. He ain't no gentleman—he never give the postman

a brass farthin' at Christmas.' The postman was reckoned by Lizzie among her followers, one whom any stroke of fortune might turn into 'my young man who has offered to treat me to the Pantomime.'

'Perhaps he cannot afford to give.'

Lizzie gave a contemptuous toss of her head. 'Can't afford!' she said, 'why, you give him sixpence and has to work hard and stint, and he has in wine and spirits and beer, I watched 'em deliverin' it there. I see him come home this afternoon with a bird: that shows him for a reg'lar old bachelord.'

A bird! She made no more inquiries from Lizzie, but several times she found herself wondering whether it was a linnet or a canary. Anne had been so fond of birds and so clever with them, she hoped he would manage it properly.

As soon as the weather grew warm *She* saw that the bird was a canary. *He* meant her to notice it, for he displayed it rather ostentatiously in front of the open window, looking out of the corner of his eye to see if she was taking notice, and saying to himself the while, 'Come, come, Miss Pry, I have a pet now as well as you.'

Perhaps six or seven years went by, in exactly this same fashion, when a most exciting event took place. A school chum and friend of former days, happening to hear something about the old rectory and remembering how much kindness she had been shown there, sent an invitation to the poor London worker to come down to Weatherdale and spend Christmas there, and it was by reason of this that *He*, startled by the unusual sound of a cab being whistled for, got up from his breakfast to see that it was driven up to Number 13. Why, no—yes, actually it was for Miss Pry: the servant-girl was hoisting up her box to the cabman, and there at the door *She* was standing with a basket—evidently the cat in it—on her arm. Where could she be going? He forgot that she could see him, and when she looked up he could almost fancy she smiled, her face wore such a beaming expression. At that moment there was a great flurry and bustle to get in, the cabman bent down to get his directions, and away he drove, with such a show of haste that the watcher from the window returning to his breakfast found himself saying, 'Put everything off to the very last minute; that's just like a woman.'

As *He* waited for his omnibus at Charing Cross he looked at the station and wondered was it there that Miss Pry had been going, and then he forgot all about her until at the usual hour,

drawing aside the blind to look out, he saw the dark window, and he felt as if a friend had gone from him.

The following Sunday was a very dull day. Usually *He* looked out at the hour when he knew *She* would be going to church, often saying, 'You're very foolish to go without an umbrella; it's almost certain to rain before you get home;' and when his forebodings proved true, he would feel quite fidgety, and say, 'She'll get wet and spoil all her best things.'

Perhaps it was that going away at Christmas that made him think of a holiday: at all events, in the summer a holiday he took, and then it was her turn to say to her cat, 'Oh, Totty, I hope Mr. Punctual will soon come back, for without him I never know the time.' And missing the canary, she hoped the landlady was looking after it; and then she wondered where *He* had gone—perhaps to the country, perhaps to the seaside; and memory taking her back to loved spots of days long ago, she forced back some tears as she said, 'Ah, Totty, life is very hard, my cat.'

And thus ten years stole by, each reflecting the other so exactly that, excepting the Christmas visit and the summer holiday, there were no landmarks to point the course of time to Numbers 12 and 13, and then fate, fortune, or whatever name we give to the good providence who disposes those trivial circumstances that lead to great events in our lives, arranged that on a certain afternoon in May there were so few letters to write that the typist clerk could leave her Bedford Street office at a much earlier hour, and, full of anticipation that she would be able to put the finishing touches to a gown she was renovating, she tripped into the Strand, hailed the first omnibus she saw, clambered to the top, and took the only vacant seat. In her anxiety to secure this, she did not notice more than that it was a man next to her; but that man being *He*, and he, having watched her from the time she hailed the 'bus, was now quite in a flutter, for she was only just settled when they were at Charing Cross, where he always got down, which he could hardly do now, as, without an explanation, which he could not give, it would seem so very peculiar—somewhat offensive, indeed. By the time his hesitation was over they were on their way again, and the conductor was collecting the money. *She* paid her fare. *He* silently held out the extra twopence, which the man taking with a nod of surprise, she turned her head, and instantly there mounted to her cheeks a rosy colour. *He*, being of the old school, looked on a blush as one of the most becoming features of a woman. It was

the signal of the weakness of her sex, to be answered on the part of the man by a desire to protect, and without hesitation he said, 'I think you and I are going the same way?'

'Yes,' and her colour deepened, 'we live opposite each other in the same street.'

'Quite two of the oldest inhabitants, I should say.'

'It is ten years since I came,' and she gave a sigh.

'Yes, but I was there before you. I remember your coming.'

'Do you? Oh, I am accustomed to it now, but, at first, to have nothing but houses before me seemed dreadful. I used to stand at the window and—well, I won't say what, only that I did not see the opposite houses very clearly.'

'Perhaps I can enter into your feelings better than you think,' he said kindly, 'for to me, then, my surroundings were hateful.'

'I had always lived in the country, and I suppose I thought things would go on the same for ever, but in four years I lost every one belonging to me; home and means were swept away, and I had to begin life alone.'

'Terribly hard on a woman,' he said, sympathetically.

'Well, and yet I think sometimes it is harder on a man. Of course, I don't mean one who finds pleasure in clubs and company. I know you are a stay-at-home, because every evening I see your lamp alight.'

'And your lamp keeps mine company.'

'Yes, I've never been away but once—to spend Christmas with a school friend, who has since gone to India. That *was* an excitement for me! I looked up and saw you and very nearly nodded, and then I was so frightened that I jumped into the cab and told the man to drive as fast as he could.'

'And I thought you were late, and it quite fidgeted me, and I gave you a mental scolding, just like I often do on Sundays when you *will* go out without an umbrella.'

'Well, but last Sunday you went out without yours, and, more than that, you left the window open on your bird, and I said to Totty—my cat—"Now that is very thoughtless, for, if the sun goes in, Dicky will catch cold."'

'And I fear he did catch cold, for he has sat with all his feathers roughed up, looking very reproachfully at me. You know, he is six years old.'

'My cat is ten; I can never bear to think of her age, for when she dies, well, people will think her mistress a very foolish woman.'

'Not those who live alone won't.'

His tone of sympathy brought a pleasant expression into her eyes. 'You find your bird company, don't you?' she said, looking at him. 'That summer when you went away I was quite anxious, fearing the landlady might not look after him properly. You know we missed you dreadfully, Tottie and I.'

'I can quite believe it, I felt very dull when you were absent.'

They both laughed heartily.

'You gone,' she said, 'and I had nothing to go by, because you are my timepiece in the morning. Mr. Punctual I call you to Tottie; we established that name almost directly after we settled there.'

And he had called her Miss Pry! Ah well, he would give her that name no longer. Should he ask what was her real name? He thought he—— Suddenly the horses stopped.

'Why, here we are!' he said, looking at her amazed.

It was the corner leading to the street in which they lived.

'The way has seemed very short,' she said, preparing to get down. 'Usually I think our omnibuses go so slowly.'

'Do they? I always walk from Charing Cross. I was just going to get down to-day when you got up and sat down next me.'

'Yes, I felt my face get quite red when I saw it was you. I wondered would you speak, and I was so glad when you did.'

'I hope, now, whenever we meet you will allow me to speak to you.'

'I shall be very glad,' she said cordially; 'it seems so much nicer to have exchanged a few words with one another.'

'Well, we were not like strangers to each other, were we?'

'Certainly not; I have felt as if you were almost a friend for nearly ten years.'

And they shook hands, and, both a little agitated at this unlooked-for adventure, turned towards their respective dwellings.

It has been said that every rose has a thorn, and the thorn that was felt by the occupants of Number 12 and 13 Woodman Street, showed itself in the sudden shyness each felt in appearing at their windows. *He* said: 'I don't wish her to think that I am presuming in any way.'

She said: 'I must be careful now, and not let him fancy I want to court notice.'

And so it happened that a week passed without either getting a legitimate glimpse of the other. They both began to grow quite moped, and a little disposed to feel the least bit disappointed in each other. 'She need not suppose I have the smallest intention of taking advantage of a little exchange of conversation together,' he said huffily, while *She* re-called every word she had spoken to him, to make sure that she had not allowed her tongue to run away with her.

On the very evening of the day week on which they had met, drawing aside his blind to look at the opposite window—why, there was no light there. How very odd! *She* must be out, and out she seemed to remain all the evening. A very unusual thing for her. But still more unusual was, that the next morning her blind was not drawn up. *She* must be away! He really felt injured. His feelings were as ruffled as the feathers of his bird. Not that it mattered to him in any way. Only when a person made a fuss, and pretended to be so glad that they had spoken to one another, you hardly expected that they'd take care never to be seen again. He tried to put the thought away, but it would not go. No sooner was he at home than it buzzed in his head like a bee, and thinking he might get from Miss Bates whether she had noticed any departure, he said, as she was setting the teapot down, 'Lovely weather for the time of year.'

Miss Bates was in a lugubrious frame of mind. 'Plenty o' sickness about, I hear. They say,' she added, with a sniff and a sigh, 'the children's dying like sheep, with measles, and in some parts, whole houses is down with influenza. I'm sure I trust we shall be spared, but I doubt it, for there's one of 'em ill opposite—I saw the doctor to-day going in there.'

The sudden change in his face assured her that she had thoroughly drenched his vivacity, and following the axiom that having made an impression you should go, Miss Bates left the room. He buttered his toast and poured out his tea, and some minutes later, finding plate and cup empty, he reasonably surmised that he had eaten and drunk, but he had done so mechanically, while his thoughts were occupied by the words of his landlady. Poor little woman! Now he knew why the window was dark and the blind remained down. *She* was ill. Sickness, that despair of the bread-winner, had lain its dread hand on her. Poor thing, poor thing!

Men such as he are seldom spontaneously sentimental or sympathetic, and he believed that he was no exception to the rule.

Years of loneliness cramp and narrow our emotions and turn them towards self, and it was the knowledge of this that made him surprised at the quick interest he took in this woman whom, although he had for years seen, he had never but once spoken to. He took up a book, but he couldn't read. He walked about the room, he looked out of the window; in short, for over an hour he fidgeted over a score of things, and then, that inward tormentor refusing him any peace, he suddenly put on his hat, crossed the road, and knocked at the door, determined to ask what was the matter with the lady on the drawing-room floor. He had arranged his words and, the door open, was about to utter them, when, why—no—yes—it was *She*, she herself, who had answered the door and was standing before him.

'I am so glad,' he said, taking her hand and giving it a hearty shake. 'I thought you were ill.'

'And you came over to see? Oh, how good and kind! That anybody should care cheers me more than I can say.'

'There was no light in your window last night, and this morning the blind was down, and while I was wondering what had become of you, my landlady told me she had seen the doctor here.'

'Yes, but happily not for me. But you must come in and hear the story. It's poor Keziah, the servant here. She tripped on the stairs and fell down, and has broken some tendon in her leg. And Mrs. Jenkins is away and the other lodgers were out, so that when I got home I found her lying, groaning helpless, on the mat.'

'But why did you not come over for me?'

'I wish I had now. I did think of doing so, but fortunately I was able to help her. I managed to get her to bed, but I had to sit up all night with her, and this morning I got the milk-boy to go for the doctor, and take a telegram telling them I could not go to Bedford Street. It was impossible to leave her alone; but now her sister has come, and Mrs. Jenkins will soon be here, so I am free again. Won't you come upstairs to my room?'

She did not wait for a reply, but led the way, saying, as she ushered him in:

'What a pity it is not light; then you could see my view of your window.'

'Oh, but what a cosy room!' He had halted just inside the door and was looking round.

'Does it look so? I tried as much as I could to make it like

my old home. A few friends bought in some of the furniture for me, and when I was really settled it was sent up. Lodging-house rooms are so dreary.'

His answer was a half-stifled sigh. In that moment he had compared the black horsehair-covered chairs and sofa of Miss Bates's drawing-room—the rigid back of each one protected by a wool antimacassar—with the homely snugness which reigned here.

'As you see,' she said, pointing to the table, 'I was just making myself a cup of tea. Now won't you sit down and join me? That would be showing yourself neighbourly.'

'I think I have had my tea.'

'*Think* only?'

'Well, I know my landlady brought it to me, because it was then she spoke of having seen the doctor here; and I at once jumped at the conclusion that you were ill, because for a week past I have never caught sight of you at the window.'

'And I have never seen you.'

'No; we don't see unless we look.'

'But I have looked.'

'Not from where you usually stand, or I must have seen you. I began to feel a little huffy. I thought, She never fancies I mean to presume on that little chat we had together?'

'Why, of course not. How could I? I was only afraid I might have let my tongue run too quickly.'

'Come, come!' he said, smiling. 'It has taken us ten years to break the ice. It must not take us ten more before we thaw.'

While he spoke his eyes were following her—watching her measure out the tea, pour the water from the kettle. He did not offer to help her: the sight of a woman doing these trifling acts brought to him a pleasurable sense of home.

'You are looking very tired,' he said, as she sat down waiting for the tea to draw.

'That is partly because I was up all night, and then during the day I have felt rather anxious about being away from the office.'

'Oh, don't worry about that. They'll get on all right without you.'

'Yes, I know they will; but I don't want them to find that out. There are so many women wanting employment, and some know French and German, which I don't, and others have a home with their parents and could take a smaller salary.'

Oh, it does not do to stop away! When I found that poor thing lying helpless on the mat I thought—supposing this was my case, what would become of me? It isn't death I fear—sooner or later that comes to all—but old age, sickness, sends a shiver through me.'

'Then have you nothing put by?'

'A few pounds only. How could I? I get thirty shillings a week. That is not quite 80*l.* a year.'

'And you manage to live here on that?'

'I pay my way. Why? Does that sound to you very little?'

'Very little.'

'I suppose they *do* pay men better, and it's well they do, for you want more than we do, and you are not able to manage as well.'

'I am in a fire insurance society,' he said. 'The salaries there vary from one hundred to three. When I had 100*l.* it did not matter to me. My mother was living then, and in addition to a pension, she had a little put away, which at her death came to me.'

'I am glad you need not be troubled with my anxiety.'

'No, and yet I have as great a dread of sickness, and of old age. Each year I live the sense of my loneliness more oppresses me.'

'I know. Why, I can't tell you the pleasure it gives me to have somebody drinking tea with me, to be able to speak of things we feel—things that give one sorrow or joy. The men at the office are all good fellows and very kind to me, but I should never dream of talking to them as I have to you. They would not understand. I might as well speak in Chinese!'

He did not answer in words, but he gave her a nod of sympathy, and stooped down to stroke the cat.

'Now, Totty, get up and be friendly to Mr.—' She stopped.

'That reminds me,' he said, 'we have not exchanged names yet. My name is Robert Morley.'

'And mine Elizabeth Davidson.'

'Elizabeth!' he repeated softly. 'My mother was called Elizabeth.'

'And my father Robert. . . . Robert is a very dear name to me. . . . He had such a generous, sweet nature. When I think of his trust I feel ashamed of my despondency. Not that I am despondent long. My disposition is buoyant. I am very like a cork—if I go under water one minute, the next, up I bob again.'

'You always struck me as being very cheerful.'

'What! did I seem cheerful from over the way? Dear me! How little I dreamed that anyone was taking the tiniest bit of interest in me. I am so glad I know now—so glad that we have spoken to each other, and that we are so friendly!'

He had risen from his chair and seemed suddenly about to go. *She*, a little embarrassed that he had not responded, added, 'At least that is my feeling towards *you*.'

'Is it?' he said, stiffly. 'I forgot it was so late; I really must go. Good-bye.'

And before she had recovered from her surprise he was gone.

A wave of hot colour went over her. What did it mean? What did he think? Surely at her age no one could misunderstand her? The tears sprang to her eyes and fell in a quick shower. . . . The door being opened made her look up. It was *He* back again.

'When I got into the street I found I had left my hat behind,' he was saying; and *She*, making an effort at regaining her self-possession, answered, 'Oh, what a pity! Did you? Where?'

This brought him into the room, and nearer to her. 'Why, you are crying!' he exclaimed.

'I! No, no,'—and she forced herself to smile.

'But you are. Your face is wet; your eyes are full of tears. What is the matter? Have I offended you?'

'No, but I thought that perhaps I had offended you—you seemed to go so suddenly; but please take no notice. Women's tears come very readily. It must be feeling so tired that makes me so silly.'

He stood for a moment irresolute, turned towards the door, came back, and standing in front of her said, 'Silly! If you think yourself silly, what will you say of me? You were surprised to see me go. It was because I feared you would think I had taken leave of my senses if I stayed.'

'Why?'

'Why? Because all at once the truth flashed upon me. Suddenly I knew why I had felt so angry because I had not seen you at your window; why I was so anxious when I thought you were ill; what made me come over to find out the truth about you; the reason that seeing you here made me rejoice and feel happy. It is that I love you. Oh, it has not come now; for years it has been growing upon me, only I did not know. How should I? No other woman but you has ever had the slightest interest for me. For ten years I had blamed you, pitied you,

scolded you, worried myself about you. What more could I do? And now it has come to this, Will you marry me? I must know.'

'But I feel sure you are making a mistake. I have been talking to you, and you feel sorry for me. No, no; forget what you have said. In the morning everything will look different to you. Pity is not love.'

'But it is akin to it. If I give you love can you not give me pity?'

'I pity you! Why you have brought all the sunlight I have known for years to me. When you spoke to me on the top of that omnibus I could have hugged you.'

'Hug me now,' he said—for the temerity of quiet men is remarkable—and he took her hands and placed them on his shoulders, and looking at her, continued, 'We are two very lonely beings; a kindly providence, as it seems to me, has brought us together. Can you trust yourself to me? I would strive to make you happy.'

She tried to speak, tried to force back her tears, but the happy flow would come. 'It is because I am so happy,' she said; 'for I must tell you that often and often, years ago, when I felt so solitary, I have drawn aside my blind and looked over at your window, and, picturing you sitting there alone, I have said, Why couldn't it be that we took a fancy to each other; he looks so nice and kind, but if he married it would be to a young girl, not to me.'

'But you are young.'

'I—I am thirty-eight.'

'And I am forty-five. We have no time to spare you see. Already we have wasted ten years. I shall put up the banns immediately. You must give notice that you are going to leave at your office, and I will tell them at mine that I want my holiday.'

'It must be a dream,' and she put up her hands and pushed back her hair. 'It cannot be reality. Of late I have felt quite frightened thinking how sad it would be if you went away.'

'A similar dread has haunted me, especially to-day, when I saw the blind down. But now we shall leave together and we will go down to Putney. The old house I lived in from a boy is there, and it is vacant, too, and we will make it our home, and, as before, the dear name of its mistress will be Elizabeth Morley.'

LOUISA PARR.

Our Castle in Spain.

THE street's bleak and long, and the rain's blowing cold ;
 They eye me with pity, grown weary and old ;
 They fancy I'm out in the wind and the rain ;
 Ah no ! I'm at home in our Castle in Spain.

In the glow of the firelight you stand by me there,
 It flickers and plays on your shadowy hair ;
 Outside in the city I seek you in vain,
 But still you are found in our Castle in Spain.

I hear not the roar of the traffic : I hear
 Your accent so low, and so strange, and so clear,
 The voice that could bid one for ever remain
 With you in our Castle, our Castle in Spain.

That Castle's so fair, so enchanted the ground,
 The springtime abides in it all the year round ;
 There leaves never wither, as hopes never wane :
 The lime-trees aye bloom by our Castle in Spain.

Yet the winds that blow o'er it the whole earth renew,
 And the stream 'neath its ramparts has flowed the world thro' ;
 And I read in your eyes a love deeper than pain,
 Love stronger than Death, in our Castle in Spain !

Wherever you wander, ah, you I love best !
 When you from our refuge realities wrest,
 I wonder if you are as glad to regain
 Our fortress, our haven, our Castle in Spain !

MAY KENDALL.

At the Sign of the Ship.

I WONDER if yachting clubs, like other clubs, take notice of ungentlemanly acts on the part of their members? I ask, because my blood, albeit unused to 'boiling,' did somewhat grow warmer when I heard of the following piece of iniquity. The account of it has been given before, elsewhere, but I am anxious to persevere with this matter of yachting rowdyism. On a Saturday evening, at the end of September, a big, ugly, vulgar-looking, steamyacht came in to Loch Duich. Her name, and the name of her owners, I know, but, alas, only at second hand, otherwise the rowdies had been pilloried before. They were Scotch trading people, as I was informed; luckily for England they were not English, nor were they 'aristocrats.' Sunday, the people in the yacht spent in fishing and shooting. This, in Kintail, is a religious offence, almost equivalent to insulting the Host in Spain. No well-bred person, whatever his belief, or lack of belief, shoots on Sunday in the Highlands. He has more respect for the sentiments of the Gael.

* * *

After dark these pirates dared something more startling. They landed a party, seized a boat belonging to the landlady of the little hotel at Glenshiel, and netted a large pool, or little *loch*, in the river. But Miss Mackintosh, who keeps that small hostelry, and pays rent for the river (a nice river, when there is any water in it), gathered a band of the best that would march at her command, or rather one of her henchmen did. The blood of Clan Gillavray was up. They caught the marauder; they seized the net and the fish. 'The gentleman' of the party, otherwise and more appropriately called 'the man in knickerbockers,' made his escape, some say by swimming. The captive was left next day

in the hands of the clansmen, who treated him with all the chivalry of the Black Prince. Presently he was sent about his business, for he was eating his head off, and no policeman could be procured. The nearest guardian of the law (about ten miles away) was alleged to be taking his holiday, nor did any other policeman come at the call of outraged order. Next time we may trust that, within reasonable limits, such amateur pirates will meet the wild justice of revenge. To poach a maiden-lady's water, on a Sunday night, out of her own boat, is a cumulative crime, offensive to taste, law, good feeling, and religious principle. No punishment has fallen on rowdies who, apparently, may insult the natives of remote Highland villages at pleasure. Who is to prevent or penalise them? Perhaps the cruise of this ugly yacht was marked by similar outrages all the way. It had better leave Loch Duich out of its next piratical expedition.

* * *

Talking of pirates reminds one of Mr. Stevenson's new tale, *The Ebb Tide*. There is little pleasure in voyaging with such a crew, and we must let the author's landscape and style make up for the slender joy yielded by his characters. But it is not long since Mr. Stevenson gave us *Catriona*. May he soon listen to the muir-cocks crying 'Come back!' across the heather! He will come back, no doubt, and set the foot of his fancy on his native heath. For bad beach-combers are not popular society. The public is not even much interested in good beach-combers and agreeable natives of the summer seas.

* * *

A tale rather in the same manner as Mr. Stevenson's, but true, was lately imparted to me by an excellent authority. A British vessel of war had just entered a harbour in the New Hebrides, when her commander heard a pistol-shot from a schooner lying near. The skipper of another British vessel had kept his eye on the schooner, for the very good reason that he had lent her some tools, which he was reluctant to lose. He therefore asked the captain of the *Spitfire* (let us call her) to go aboard the schooner and inquire about the shot. The captain went aboard, and found that the active and intelligent supercargo, having pistolled the captain and frightened the mates, was just starting with a crew of Kanekas for Treasure Island. It is not necessary to give the exact latitude and longitude of this emporium. What had

occurred was simple and dramatic. In the previous year the supercargo, a most accomplished and highly-educated gentleman, chanced to be in a schooner near Treasure Island. Here a war was going on between two tribes. Siding with the weaker, the supercargo won them a decisive victory. The grateful natives showed him all their stores, like Caliban, and these included gold dust, galore, and pearls. He therefore returned to Sydney, and tried to get a properly-equipped schooner. But owners were incredulous. Finally, one man sent the adventurer forth in a schooner under the absolute command of an elderly Scotch skipper, who was to return whenever he pleased. Now the skipper was quietly writing a letter to his wife, perhaps in Greenock, and was telling her that he had no confidence in the supercargo, when that gentleman, looking over his shoulder, and seeing that the skipper was on the point of abandoning his quest, blew his brains out. The shot was heard by the commander of the *Spitfire*, who arrested the supercargo, and conveyed him to a place where he was tried and found guilty. But he was not hanged. By the latest accounts he was governor of the local gaol, still keeping the secret of his isle of gold dust. Here, then, is a topic for Mr. Stevenson, or his partner in literature, Mr. Lloyd Osborne, who by this time might try a romantic essay 'off his own bat.' More practical minds may prefer to get at the secret of the supercargo. Certainly I never heard of gold dust in these islands before, and, of course, the supercargo *may* be a homicidal maniac. But his success in his gaol looks as if he had his wicked wits about him.

* * *

Ever since I wrote on the savage habit of handling fire uninjured and unmarked, new 'cases' have kept tumbling in. I find it now in Bulgaria, India, among the Hurons, in Fiji, among the Romans (Virgil is the authority), among Græco-Egyptians (Iamblichus), and, finally, all over Northern Asia. Here the authorities are Pallas and Gmelin, cited by Professor Stoll in his new work on 'Suggestions in Folk Psychology.' The Shamans of Siberia, it seems, wash their faces in red-hot ashes, yet are not scorched or scarred. The modern example of Home has been often attested by educated and even scientific observers. Is this playing with fire a fact or a fancy? Professor Stoll seems to think he has solved this and many other problems by the simple use of the word 'suggestion.' Well, but anybody can try suggesting to himself that fire will not burn him. Won't

it! One can, by a stretch of fancy, believe that an ecstatic person might be insensible to the pain of a burn, but not that his vile body will remain unscathed by fire, like that of the Holy Children in the furnace. Miracles are easily invented by the mythopoeic imagination. We have only to say that any natural law did not work. But, when credible witnesses, from Father Brébeuf to Mr. Basil Thomson, say that they saw the cases in which natural laws remained in abeyance, and even photographed the same, then the hypothesis that their minds ran in an hereditary mythical rut becomes a trifle difficult to maintain. Some missionary, somewhere, says that he once saw a conjurer pretending to turn into a tiger. The native spectators cried out that they beheld the development of teeth, claws, and stripes, while the missionary saw nothing unusual, only the antics of a medicine man. Here the natives (like little children in a similar case) were under the influence of 'suggestion,' while the white man retained his common sense. The case is very instructive, but we can scarcely suppose that, when viewing these sports with fire, Father Brébeuf and Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Thomson's camera, were all 'suggested' into seeing and recording what never occurred. If they were (especially the camera), even that is an extraordinary fact in psychology; but if they were not, then some secret dodge is apparently known in all sorts of holes and corners of the earth. The trick, or whatever it is, deserves the study of missionaries and travellers. The Siberian witnesses were of the last century, and cannot be cross-examined.

* * *

People keep repeating the old story of how the mango-tree trick was once photographed, and the camera recorded none of the sights beheld by the spectators. This is very interesting, but then there is no evidence for the anecdote; nobody knows who took the photograph, nor where, nor when. Professor Stoll, with signal lack of taste, talks about 'the fig-tree trick' in the New Testament, and appears to suppose that it did not 'wither away,' but seemed to wither away in the eyes of spectators 'under suggestion.' It would first be necessary to establish the fact that 'suggestion' can produce anything approaching to this effect, not on a hypnotised patient, but on a crowd of people going about in their normal condition. The anecdote of the photograph and the mango-tree would be to the point, but then the anecdote is a baseless fabrication. One person *may* be 'suggested,' not a

crowd. It once occurred to myself to be 'self-suggested.' A hansom cab, with a chestnut horse, ran away, that is, the horse ran away, in Westminster. The driver put the horse at a very high wooden hoarding. The horse struck it full and heavily, and I distinctly saw the cabman fly from his perch over the wooden barrier. 'He'll be killed!' I remarked to my companion; 'he must have broken his neck!'

Now my friend was a person much more 'imaginative' than myself, luckily for him, as he is a novelist in a good line of business.

'He's all right,' said my friend. 'What do you mean?'

'Didn't you see him pitched over the hoarding?'

'Not a bit of it!' was the answer, and, as a matter of fact, though the horse's legs were broken, the driver remained unharmed on the right side of the hoarding. Here is a pleasing example of what 'expectant attention' may do, but then it only worked in one case, and the lively imagination of the author of *She* was unaffected. Thus it is not easy for me to believe in suggestion affecting a number of people at once, despite the case of the conjurer who became a tiger. Even there the white observer remained unmoved. Professor Otto Stoll assumes that a whole crowd were influenced as one hypnotised patient is worked upon by 'post-hypnotic suggestion'; that is, if I do not misunderstand the learned Switzer.

* * *

To do the mango-tree trick, Buchanan gives this delightful recipe, quoted by Dr. Stoll: 'Take of the kernels of a shrub, which is a species of *Vantanea*, a convenient quantity, and *grind them between two stones for seven days and nights, without ceasing*. Then place a sword upright, with its point in a cup. Rub the pulp of the kernel on the blade of the sword exposed to the sun, and an oil will run down into the cup. Put the oil in a bottle to be preserved for use. In order to perform the experiment, take a ripe mango-stone, rub it over with the oil, and place it in a pot properly watered. The young shoot will be immediately formed, but dies soon, that is, when it has exhausted the nourishment in the kernel.' Buchanan adds: 'I have seen the experiment performed at Calcutta, and know that it is a mere deception.' No doubt the mango-tree trick is a mere piece of legerdemain, and, as usually described, by no means a difficult piece. But to grind for seven days and nights unceasingly is by

no means easy, and here the author of the recipe shows his sense of humour. The experiment demands rather unusual perseverance.

* * *

Mr. Crockett's *Lilac Sun Bonnet*¹ 'needs no bush.' Here is a pretty love tale, and the landscape and rural descriptions carry the exile back into the Kingdom of Galloway. Here, indeed, is the scent of bog myrtle and peat. After inquiries among the fair, I learn that of all romances they best love, not 'sociology,' not 'theology,' still less open manslaughter, for a motive, but just love's young dream chapter after chapter. From Mr. Crockett they get what they want, 'hot with,' as Thackeray admits that he liked it. Open manslaughter is more to an elderly taste, perhaps, still the world must be peopled, whereas many romancers only depopulate it. Not without a mantling blush can I contemplate these Galwegian endearments, though 'dallying with the innocence of love.' On points of chronology and botany I do not feel satisfied. Do hawthorn, poppies, and grass of Parnassus all bloom at once, in June, in Galloway? Let us hope so, but 'I hae ma doots'—about the grass of Parnassus especially. As to history, we find a grandmother who had been wooed by officers, including an ensign, that fought at Fontenoy (p. 39). Fontenoy was in 1744 or 1745 (I write far from books), but I know that men who, at Fontenoy, stood well, ran like hares at Falkirk. Well, put the granny's age at twenty when the warriors wooed her. She was born then, say, in 1725, she married forty-five years ago, at the time of the tale, at twenty-three. That brings her to 1773. Yet she is reading *Waverley* (1814), *Nigel* (1822), and she quotes—

Up wi' the bonnets o' Bonny Dundee!

Now there is an old Scotch song of 'Bonny Dundas and Bonny Dundee.'

I have na slain, I have na stolen,
I've done nae man an injurie,
I've only——

behaved in a most reprehensible manner as regards—

The Bailie's dochter o' Bonny Dundee!

That song is old, but 'To the lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke' was written by Sir Walter in 1826, if my memory

¹ Fisher Unwin.

is worth a plack. Here, then, in 1773, is an old granny anticipating the future by no less than fifty-three long years. Taking fifty years, not forty-five (on another statement), as the duration of the old lady's wedded life, she is still forty-eight years in advance of her age. But she had worn the white cockade, and much must be forgiven to her.

* * *

As the indispensable person 'round the corner,' the Edie Ochiltree of the tale, Mr. Crockett has an excellent village idiot of the soundest sense and most judicious conduct. The *Omadhawn*, as usual, is the real working hero, and easily defeats the wicked squire. For myself, I could do without the wicked squire; I have met him before in romance, and this one is hardly a Brian de Bois Gilbert. His nemesis is most appropriate and deserved; still, anything transpontine is out of place in this idyll of a Galloway Daphnis and Chloe. Were I engaged on historical introductions to the tales of the land of the wild Picts I would assuredly try to tell the public what 'The Marrow Controversy' and the Marrow Kirk were. The English never knew, the Scotch have forgotten, yet the Marrow is a potent factor in the legend. It was, in fact, after the Roman and the Episcopal Churches had been properly trampled upon, a nice internal occasion of fanaticism, dourness, and persecutions; a marrow bone for ministers to worry. But the unhistorical reader will understand so much as that, and the public bitterly resent information. Nobody can say this time that Mr. Crockett is ploughing with heifers from the studs of Mr. Barrie or Mr. Stevenson. As his topic is rural, perhaps he will be accused of emulating Mr. Thomas Hardy: and he *does*, but surely the country is not an exclusive preserve. There is no copyright in cows, and byres, and milkmaids, nor are Mr. Crockett's milkmaids at all like those of the other great authority.

* * *

Culloden Moor is a disappointing place to a pilgrim of sentiment. What was, at the time of the fight, a wide wilderness, excellent for artillery and very bad for a Highland charge uphill, is now covered with plantations some forty years old. They enclose a small semicircular patch of moor, and here (by the piety of Forbes of Culloden) a large round cairn has been erected

to the memory of those 'who died for Scotland and Prince Charlie.' A wide road intersects the fatal field, and trenches on the grey grave-stones that bear the names of Frazers, Mackintoshes (a long trench is theirs) and of Mixed Clans. Just beyond, and beneath a slight slope now covered with oats, is the Well of the Dead. Thither the chief of Clan Gillavray, or rather the leader, crawled to die, after slaying many men with the sword, and breaking clear through the English lines. Tourists, of course, leave greasy papers round the little eye of clear water welling from the marsh. Keppoch's grave I could not identify, a spot sacred to loyalty, where the chief charged and fell alone, deserted by his clan. The point occupied by the Prince is concealed in the plantations, but behind the English lines is the gigantic, solitary, table-shaped boulder where Cumberland is said to have taken his stand. The old wall, partly pulled down by the Campbells, has disappeared, or is hidden in the plantations. In fact you can get no general view of the battlefield, whereas, at Bannockburn, all is as plain as a map. Probably the clash of claymore on bayonet occurred a little in advance of the stones which mark the trenches where the clansmen are said to lie, though it is just as likely that the highway was run through the middle of the graves. The English must have occupied the rising ground, just above the Well of the Dead, and the slight remains of marshy ground which, according to the Chevalier Johnstone, delayed the advance of the left Highland wing, if ever the left meant to advance at all. The English slain are said to lie below the corn on this elevated ground, itself a sore obstacle to the Highlanders' charge. They usually, and rightly, manœuvred so as to charge down-hill. For the rest the tourist is sadly to seek owing to the advance of cultivation, and the new woods, and the sacrilegious road. The Inverness cabman is not always a good historical authority, and a very careful pamphlet on the moor of Culloden, by Mr. Peter Anderson, is out of print. The old prints are obviously based on a fanciful view of the battle; one of them shows fashionable ladies looking on, almost in the ranks. A carriageful of smiling girls scattered over the moor as we left it with rather heavy hearts. For the Highlanders were fighting in the cause, not of an impossible dynasty alone, but of their old life, with its many simple virtues. After Culloden they never had a chance; the wheels of commercialism rolled over them, leaving the moors to Jews, brewers, bankers, squatters, and the people to eviction and agitation, while the chiefs, as a general rule, have

been as much evicted as the clans, and are landless men. The end must have come, and it came with a kind of stormy sunset glory.

LINES.

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden,
And chill was the mist-drop that wept from the tree :
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,
No light on the land, and no wind on the sea.

Where the graves of Clan Gillavray cluster together,
Where the chieftain fell dead by the Well of the Dead,
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather
That flowers where the cause of the Stuarts was sped.

And a wind that awoke on the moorland came sighing,
Like the voice of the heroes who perished in vain,
'Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,
But to win back the old world that comes not again !'

A. LANG.

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THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the following. Contributions received after October 12 will be entered in the December number :—

Mrs. Clarke Lewis (for Night Refuge) five comforters. Collected by J. D. (Chesterfield) 3s. A parcel of muffatees, &c., A. N. (Dumfries).

The Sisters have received from S. Hyland 2s. for the Workroom. They also received 4s. from the same donor in March.

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The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

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